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Original Poetry.

A SONG.

"OH, THERE IS ONE WHOSE VOICE TO HEAR."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY SKETCHER.

Oh, there is one whose voice to hear
With rapture thrills my bosom through,
Whose image hov'ring ever near,
To life an impulse gives anew.
'Tis her I love,
'Tis her I love,
She who doth fondly love me too.

Around her dazzling brow of white
Cluster the silky curls of jet,
Her form is grace, her step is light;
But she a sweeter charm hath yet.
The maid I love,
The maid I love;
Who can her winning smiles forget?

She hath upon her damask cheek
A tint like morning's rosy hue,
And summer skies look dull and bleak
Compared with the bright eyes so blue
Of her I love,
Of her I love,
Of her to whom I'm ever true.

Oh, she's a creature gay and wild,
Yet hath she all a woman's mind,
In heart she's like a little child,
Yet is there spirit there confined.
She's one to love,
She's one to love,
And cord of love our spirits bind.

Original Tales.

THE SULTAN IN SPECTACLES.

A Translation from the French.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WISH.

The Sultan Achmet had reigned ten years over the vast empire of the Faithful. He had many virtues, was full of courage, of magnanimity and of bounty—men called him the Good Achmet. But the Good Achmet had great faults. Easily prejudiced, he was foolishly fond of those whom he loved, and heartily detested those whom he disliked; though his hate and his friendship were often no more than mere caprices. He was readily accessible to flattery—implicitly received as truth the fulsome eulogies which parasites and flatterers lavished upon him, and weakly confided in the sincerity of the artful caresses of the beautiful slaves of his harem. Inordinate self-love is credulous; it leads a man to distrust himself more than he distrusts others,—to hear with avidity, and readily to believe those who flatter him.

But if Achmet found great pleasure in being flattered, on the other hand contradiction was insupportable to him. Truth when it opposed his whims and desires was extremely offensive to him,—it was incredible, and as falsehood he denounced and repulsed it. In a word, like all kings—like all vain men, he was intractable—incorrigible. He loved and followed only those counsels which fell in with his own prejudices and weak fancies—and rejected and contemned all others. Men saw that he could be easily deceived by any who would go to work in the right way to undertake it; and in the courts of kings there are always low and cringing minds enough to take that trouble.

The good Achmet had a Vizier who had served him since his accession to the throne—a tried servant—the sage Rustan. He was in some sort a legacy from the father of Achmet, for the weak Sultan would never have had, of his own election, a vizier whom while he feared, he could not avoid respecting. A tall stately form gave Rustan an imposing presence, and a long beard, which age had silvered, conferred upon his serene and hard features an expression of wisdom stern and unyielding. As he had a profound knowledge of state affairs, and the experience of three score years and ten, he naturally assumed the right to speak; and the *habit* of speaking unreservedly gave him an aptitude in pronouncing unpleasant truths, the facility of which made the hearer lose sight of its boldness. When Achmet projected some foolish enterprise, his Vizier, unhesitatingly denounced its extravagance; and when Achmet's profusion had ruined the Exchequer, Rustan did not fail to tell him, without indirection, whose folly it was that had ruined the treasury. In a word the vizier often plumply opposed the Sultan, because the latter was always disposed to make a fool of himself; a disposition not rare, it may be suspected, among the Commanders of the Faithful, or absolute disposers of kingdoms under any other title.

Achmet had a favorite among his courtiers, and a favorite in his harem, whom he loved to idolatry, and who had, in the government more influence than the Vizier. In important affairs Achmet hearkened only to the counsels of his dear Nessour and his beautiful Fatima—by their decisions only, he guided his government. The favorite, loaded already with benefits, supplicated dearly for new gifts, and disposed of all places in the civil list, all charges in the household, all promotions in the army. Achmet knew how to refuse him nothing. "Nessour is so much my friend," the Sultan said to himself, "I can deny him nothing. He asks not for himself—he desires only my prosperity and happiness!" Confidence, in Sultan and in slave, is ever the companion of blind friendship.

He believed every word the beautiful Fatima uttered—anticipated her wildest and most extravagant desires, and would have ruined the last man among his subjects to gratify the ever changing caprices of his favorite Sultana. "Fatima has no life but in mine," he said—"what can I refuse the houri! She lives only for Achmet—she desires only my glory!" Sultans, like other men, feel the need of being loved, and are grateful, to idiocy, for the shadow even of affection in a beautiful woman.

It will readily be perceived, that, with such a character Achmet seldom found himself in accord with his Grand Vizier. They spoke only to disagree—but while hard, violent enough, frequently was exhibited on the part of the Sultan, the sage Rustan never lost his imperturbable coldness—never lost the unalterable calm which is conferred by a consciousness of right and reason. But Achmet, blind in his passionate affection for the Sultana, and infatuated in his attachment to his favorite, saw in Rustan only a man hard, proud, and severe, who made a pleasure for himself in marring his masters dearest pleasures, and in thwarting his most cherished and innocent enjoyments. He had long regarded him with disgust even to abhorrence, and continued to him his title of Vizier only out of respect for his ancient services. He waited only a favorable occasion to despoil the sage of his honors, and confer them upon his dear and more congenial spirit—Nessour, the favorite.

Achmet regarded Fatima as she slept. "How beautiful!" he mentally ejaculated. "The paradise of the Prophet does not contain an Houri so lovely; and yet Rustan would have me deny her wishes! Would that the riches of the universe could be put in a single gem that I might present it to her! While asleep I know she dreams of me, as awake she thinks only of me—for so she herself has said. This Rustan pretends to love me, and yet all I love he hates, and all that I detest he worships. It is not so with Fatima! The old brute! Would that Mahomet would send me the magic glasses of which Rustan spoke the other day. 'Sultan,' the slave said, 'you are blind. Oh that the Prophet would send you the magic glasses, that you might read men's hearts!' Happy now, I should be doubly happy then, for I would study Fatima's."

The Sultan stole softly away, that he might not disturb the repose of the sleeping girl. Fatima turned upon her couch—the lips on which the Sultan had dwelt entranced, parted with a smile. They murmured one little word—it was *not* the name of Achmet, Commander of the Faithful.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAGIC GLASSES—TRYING THEM ON.

Sultans seldom wish to no purpose—certainly not the Sultans of story. Achmet had wished for the wonderful glasses, and an optician was not long wanting to put them to his eyes. There dwelt in Constantinople an Arabian magician and astrologer, who read the future with more precision and certainty than ordinary teachers of the faithful can read the koran. Things occult were to him no secrets, and the mysteries of nature were his pastime. At Achmet's summons the astrologer bowed before the Sultan. At Achmet's desire he agreed that the wonderful spectacles should be done to order on the morrow; and he would have as readily promised any other trifle of the same easy description of manufacture. "The preparation of such instruments," said the tradesman in miracles, "is a mere trifle. I had hoped magnificent Sultan, that you were about to command something worthy of your glory, and of my skill." Thus you see there were modest opticians even in the time of the Sultan Achmet.

On the morrow, in the Divan, Achmet was receiving his accustomed homage. Breathing an atmosphere of incense, his soul revelled in delight; and the glory of the sun even, paled before his eyes in his own greatness, as his flatterers represented it to him; the happiness of the Prophet himself, he did not envy, amid so many devoted and discriminating friends. The magic spectacles were placed in his hands, and as crowned heads are capable of some acts guided by intuition, he graciously made, with them, a saddle of his nose. The smile of happiness on his features lasted only till he had taken one glance at the courtiers—"Begone, traitors!" he cried, "villains!—monsters! Your presence appals me with horror!"

The astonished crowd of silken knaves recoiled a moment from him—then prostrating themselves before him cried, "What would our sublime master, the arbiter of life and death? Are we not all his faithful subjects?"

"Faithful!" cried Achmet, "By Allah! I see in your hearts only treason, jealousy and hate—envy armed with all the poisons—murder bristling with poinards! Begone!" And so, scimitar in hand, he threw himself upon the prostrate crowd, they did not wait for etiquette to find their legs, or stop at the door of the hall of audience to save their slippers.

The Sultan found himself alone—his guards even had betaken themselves to a safe distance from the Sultan in spectacles. "Behold then," he soliloquised, "what manner of men these are, who have fed me without ceasing with protestations of devotion, of love, and of fidelity! I have chosen for my companions the most depraved rascals in my empire—I have lived in the midst of my enemies, and have escaped their malice only because they mutually hated each other too much to unite to destroy me! They wished in their scoundrel avidity to drink the last drop of my blood—and I have believed their flatteries, and accepted their poisoned words as delightful incense. Thanks to the Prophet, I am no longer their dupe—I shall be no more deceived! By the aid of these wonderful glasses I can distinguish those who hate, from those who love me. Dear Nessour, you love me! Your heart, I know, is pure and clear as the cloudless heavens, your mouth was never opened to deceive me! I will try the glasses on him—not indeed to know what passes in his soul—for that I know as well as my own—he conceals nothing from me. But after the frightful picture I have seen, I will compensate myself with the view of his virtues and his friendship, for the frightful experience I have had with the others."

The favorite was summoned. "Come, my dear Nessour," said the Sultan, "console me for the perfidy of my courtiers. But I know them now. I have penetrated to the bottom of their hearts—by what monsters, to be sure, I have been surrounded! I have driven them all from my presence, and I wish anew to give you my whole heart!" So saying he wiped the spectacles lest any of their film of villainy should have adhered to the glasses.

"What!" cried the favorite, "then you have banished them! Oh model of wisdom, of prudence, and of penetration; you have at length unmasked those false and lying men. You have discovered then, what are courtiers, and that you could not have enemies more dangerous. Long since would I have hinted as much, but I dared not, and I said, the Commander of the Faithful is too pure—the good Achmet will not believe the evil that he sees with his own eyes. Let but the attachment of Nessour—his boundless devotion"——

"Peace, wretch!" cried the Sultan, who by this time was so hand again with spectacles on nose—"Peace, traitor! You are a thousand times worse than those you accuse. I read in your heart trickings the most unworthy and contemptible; I know that you hate me from the bottom of your soul—while you caress, you would murder me! Miserable man that I am! I have not a friend in the world!"

Nessour threw himself at the Sultan's feet—he redoubled his assurances of his friendship—he begged his royal master would not doubt his zeal—his inviolable attachment.

"It is of no use miserable!" replied the Sultan. "Your seductive language and honied words will serve no longer to deceive me, while I hold these magic glasses. With them I read your heart, and I am not happy enough to doubt your black ingratitude."

"What, august Sultan!" replied Nessour. "You trust in magic, confide in a magician! The glasses are false—with them you read treason, where you should see only frankness, love, and truth. Ah—if it is necessary to give my life to disprove the lying witnesses, my blood shall flow before your eyes!"

The Sultan would have said "Humbug!" if there had been any such word in the Turkish tongue. He had on his spectacles, and was not to be done. "There is one," he said, "who is still faithful to me; and in whose heart the love that fills mine is reflected for me. Dearest Fatima! Light of my eyes! Joy of my heart! Houri upon earth!" And he passed to her apartment.

The Sultana was negligently reclining on cushions of eider down. She rose at his entrance and advanced, the joy of welcome dancing in her eyes, and sunny smiles playing in voluptuous wreaths about her mouth. The most beautiful arm in the world was outstretched, and the fat fingers the Moslem so affects touched his shoulder. "Off wretch!" he cried as he rudely repulsed her. He had read in her heart disgust, satiety, hate, infidelity!

The unfortunate Achmet could contain himself no longer. His despair and rage were exhausted forthwith upon all the frangible furniture within his reach, and he would have broken Fatima's bones with the rest, but that he had a fancy she would look better in a bag, to be launched into the Bosphorus. Tears ran blazing hot over his burning cheeks, and he sunk upon a sofa—his spectacles now in his hand—a very blind look out.

Fatima sunk on her knees at his feet, her eyes aflood—her bosom heavy with sobs. "Just Allah!" he cried, "so much beauty and such perfidy in the same person. And you too have deceived me! Dearly, I have loved—I would have lost the world for you, and you have betrayed me!"

"The Commander of the faithful is pleased to jest with his slave," said Fatima, stealing a half roguish, half frightened look from her enchanting eyes. "It is a pleasant joke—that he should be jealous of me—jealous of Fatima. I believed that some terrible misfortune had befallen my dear Achmet—I ran to partake his grief to assuage his sorrows—and behold it is only jealousy!" The siren laughed.

"What! do you dare laugh, traitress, at my misery? Dare to add insult to the torments of your outraged master—dare to join mockery to crime, while the lightning of vengeance plays over your culpable head!"

"Lightning," she answered, as she placed an arm around him—"I fear that not. It thunders now, I know, but that will clear the sky! But what have I done, my lord? Speak! What have I done to merit all this anger?"

"What have you done"—responded the Sultan—"dare you then ask? While you have loaded me with caresses, and lavished names the most endearing upon me, you have felt only disgust and hate! I read them in your heart."

"Oh, certainly I hate you," said Fatima, "I have given you so many earnests of hate. I am betraying it now," she said as she caressed him so naturally, and so affectionately that the good Achmet was puzzled.

His spectacles were in his hand still—he had forgotten what opticians say the nose was made for. "And you, too, to have betrayed me," he said, "it cannot be possible!"

"Me betray you!" she cried, "and could you for one moment think it! *Me* betray you! You have deceived, betrayed yourself!" And as she pressed Achmet to her bosom, and smiled through her tears, one little liquid pearl escaped and fell upon his forehead.

The magician's spectacles were conquered. Glass eyes could not *weep*.

CHAPTER III.

BROKEN GLASSES—BROKEN SPELLS.

"Just Allah!" said Achmet to himself—"If Nessour *was* right—if the magician *has* deceived me—if the glasses *are* false"—

"How!" cried Fatima—"What glasses? What magician? What have these vile spectacles to do with our love?"

When the Sultan told her all about the magician, the talisman spectacles and their miraculous properties. And then, of course, Fatima wept again. At length she cried—

"Oh, cruel! now I know the whole extent of my misfortune. I have lost your love forever, because I have lost your confidence. You will sooner trust a vile magician than my caresses and my tears. See, then, the worthy price of my affection! But why did you spare me in your rage? Why did you not relieve me of an existence, which your odious suspicions have embittered?" And this being the proper place to faint, the beautiful Fatima sank at his feet without sense or motion. The Sultan caught her from the floor, and employed all the means which affection and terror prompted to restore her to consciousness; and as she returned to life he re-assured her by swearing anew, to love her forever.

Fatima saw her advantage, and as a last blow to make certain of the victory, she told him that the magic spectacles were only a stratagem of the Vizier, and proposed to him immediately to possess himself of the proof. "You know," she said, "how that proud and odious Rustan *detests* you—how he thwarts and contradicts you in every thing. Put him to the same proof that you have Nessour, and I am sure that you will read in his soul all that he wishes you to find there, but precisely the reverse of what it contains."

Achmet lost no time in embracing this adroit and perfidious counsel. He carried his griefs and suspicions into the garden where he knew that at that hour Rustan would be walking. He met the Vizier, and that officer approached to give his master one of his usual frank and unsavory lectures—but Achmet was in no state to listen. With the talismanic glasses he looked to the inmost recesses of his Vizier's heart, and what was his astonishment to read there: *zeal, attachment, inviolable fidelity.*

"Now," cried the Sultan, "I doubt Fatima no longer. She was right—my glasses are false. They have made me read treason in the breasts of all whom I most dearly love—they show me ardent affection in the heart of he, who, among all my subjects, loves me least! Just Heaven! Where should I have been if Fatima had not unmasked this imposture? Happy discovery! My lost repose shall return, and the villain of a magician shall pay dearly for his roguery!" The spectacles he trampled to pieces with his feet.

But the able magician did not read the future in vain, and had already left the city. This news confirmed, in Achmet's mind, his perfidy. Nessour was recalled, and implored to forget the suspicions which no longer existed; and the crafty favorite lost no time in persuading Achmet, that the Vizier was the accomplice of the magician. An order was issued for Rustan's arrest, disgrace, imprisonment, and the confiscation of his goods. But when he was sought, it was found that he too was gone, and no doubt was left of his participation in the plot.

But while these events took place in the Seraglio, strange rumors began to prevail in the city. It was said everywhere that the Sultan had become insane, and it was boldly prophesied that he would soon be dethroned. The Sultan was pronounced unworthy to reign—and it was whispered from mouth to mouth that he had no son to succeed him. The emeute increased, the tumult grew fast, and filled the capital. A portion of the Janissaries took up arms and besieged the Seraglio—Down with Achmet! was the cry—Live Nessour! And Nessour himself headed the revolt, of which, indeed, he was the origin, and animated the besiegers with promises most brilliant.

Achmet wished to arm the Seraglio, but the male inmates refused to take arms against Nessour, the lover of Fatima; and the beautiful Sultana herself offered largesses for the Sultan's head! Achmet, with the few dependants who remained faithful, defended himself like a hero. But he is about to succumb to numbers. There is revolt without and within—the Seraglio is on the point of being forced by the rebel Janissaries, when they are attacked by a troop which still remain faithful to their master. The combat becomes terrible—the walls are bathed in blood, and the two parties dispute the entrance with equal ferocity.

The right triumphs! The perfidious Nessour is killed—the rebels are put to flight—and Rustan, the generous and brave Rustan, who had foreseen and provided against the revolt, enters the Seraglio at the head of his faithful and victorious soldiers. The combat within ceases—the Sultan is delivered from his enemies—and the perfidious but beautiful Fatima pays with her head, the forfeit of her treachery.

Who shall paint the astonishment and gratitude of Achmet! To the Vizier whom he had condemned, he owed his safety—his throne—his life. "Sage Rustan," he cried, "how shall I testify my gratitude? I repulsed thy counsels—I delivered myself up to enemies, while I detested from the bottom of my heart, the only man who was sincerely attached to me! Hereafter, oh! Rustan! tell me always the truth in counsel, as heretofore! But where is the magician?"

"Dead," replied the Vizier.

"Dead!" repeated Achmet. "Fool that I was; I destroyed in my madness, a treasure which I did not appreciate—and now that I have learned its value, how shall I replace it?"

"Oh, sublime Sultan," said the Vizier, "why give yourself up to useless regrets? Experience will teach you, that you have but broken a useless talisman. The best glasses are useless to those who will see only through their passions, and those who see only with the eyes of reason, need no MAGIC SPECTACLES."

TO OBTAIN BEER FROM CHALK.—In London, according to Punch, a great deal of beer is obtained from chalk. The system is to establish a good credit at a public house, and when this is once obtained you can easily induce the proprietor to "chalk you down" for almost any amount. This recipe for obtaining beer has been used to some little extent in this country for several years.

From the Magazines

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE FAIR MAID OF FLANDERS.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

"Oh who can measure woman's love,
Or probe its depth and length?
With all the meekness of a dove,
It hath a lion's strength."

'Twas a night of festivity in Flanders. The ancestral old country seat of the puissant and far-famed Count Baldwin, ruler of the province, was illumed with thousands of brilliant lights and tapers, displayed at every loop, and window, and outlet of the time-worn pile. The strains of rich, joyous music, that filled the air with melody most sweet, told in language too impressive to be mistaken, that naught but gayety for the moment reigned within. Over turret, battlement and tower, bright banners, and gay festoons, waved their silken folds to the light evening breeze; within the spacious halls, resounded the rapturous strains of soul-inspiring music—the light, gay laughter of merry-hearted damsels, the measured tread of of the dancer's steps, the lay of the welcomed troubadour blending the sweet inflections of his voice with the harmony of his instrument, the shouts of health and wassail, the carousal of the banquet, and the busy hum of human voices, mingling their many tones, and sending heavenward, a strange and confusing, yet far from unpleasing, medly sound and noise, din and riot.

Without, 'twas a scene of splendor and serenity. Down upon one of the richest garden spots of nature that earth can boast of, poured the soft light of the bright moon in the full flood of glory and magnificence; and as the trees and shrubbery waved their young limbs and branches with the influence of the breeze, the luxuriant glades and spreading lawns, were chequered with changing spots of light and shade, most beautiful to look upon. And there were those there, who deemed that nature was gifted with attractions quite equal to those displayed within; for, as the hours moved on, and higher, yet higher, rode the sovereign of the night, one by one, and in couples, aye, and even in parties of three and four, had members of that vast company there assembled, stolen from the dissipation and excitement of the ball-room, to the battlements and tower-walls; until there had now collected upon the outworks and platforms of the castle, at least a third of those who had there met for the occasion, to receive entertainment, and enjoy the hospitality of the mighty Lord of Flanders.

But there was one couple upon the platform leading to the tower gate, that kept aloof, and seemed to have no communion with the rest. When the chivalric and courteous Count Baldwin had been informed that a portion of his company had left the dance, to enjoy the coolness of the night in the open, unpolluted air, with that kindness and urbanity which he ever evinced for the comfort and gratification of his guests, he had ordered a display of fire-balloons, and the attendance of a band of music upon the lawn, to the sight of the eastern wing of the house; and now, when those for whose pleasure these matters had been arranged, had flocked toward that side from whence they could most readily witness the performance, and listen to the music, this solitary couple moved not from the spot which they had, from the first, occupied, but remained gazing in silence over the massy parapet, toward the far-off precipitous heights of the rocky Jura, which were visible from where they stood, marking the boundary of fair France.

The elder of the two, was a young man, in the prime and flower of youth, a graceful, and apparently gentle chevalier, of stately mein, and pleasing countenance, and arrayed in rich robes of fur and cloth, adorned with jewels. He wore a small velvet cap, from which rose a single long heron's feather; a baldrick of satin, worked with golden flowers, crossed his silken tunic from his shoulder to his side, where hung a long, narrow, Italian blade, in a golden scabbard, with its hilt of mother-of-pearl, garnished with many costly jewels, and in the girdle that circled his waist, was thrust, more for ornament, than any fears of the necessity of its being required for use, a small dirk in a curiously carved and ornamented sheath. Close unto his companion, a damsel—aye, and young and lovely too. He had stationed himself, with one hand closely clasping hers, and pouring into her ear, if impassioned gestures, and an earnest eloquent expression of his countenance, may be construed into such a meaning, a tale of ardent, uncontrollable, and enthusiastical love, of deep and pure devotion, unwavering and sincere. And, well, indeed, might he find room in his warm and youthful heart, to enshrine the image of that sweet being, for never, since the day, when for a misdemeanor—to call it by no harsher name—mother Eve was expelled from celestial Eden, had there dawned upon the earth a brighter creature, or one better modelled by nature's hands, to turn the hearts of all the world, and set them quarrelling for love of her rich beauty. Twenty summers had not flushed upon her rosy cheeks; but, although thus young, the fame of her unmatched and peerless presence, had resounded through all the courts of christendom, and kings had not disdained to enter the field in competition for her hand and heart. But as yet, that stubborn thing, the latter, had not felt the influence of love. All went as they had come, unsuccessful in their suits, and even he who was now suffered to whisper unchecked of his fond hopes of winning, where many had failed, was listened to with apathy and coldness, and more out of respect and friendship for the speaker, than for any sympathy that might be lurking in her bosom with the burden of his words. Thus tarried they upon that spot, while time flew by with wonderful rapidity, until the moon had attained that height in the heavens, which betokened midnight; yet, neither had manifested any disposition to retire, until, in reply to a passionate exclamation, and a torrent of burning protestations, which burst from the lips of the youthful suitor, for the hundredth time within the hour, the maiden answered irrevocably, but with such winning grace and loveliness, that it but caused him to love her yet more madly than before:

"Urge me no more, I pray you. I grieve much, and have often heretofore, that you and I, my brave cousin, can never be to each other, more than we are now. Ask me not why. I cannot tell you. Desist, therefore, I beseech you, in thus pressing me or, for it will but serve to raise greater obstacles. My respect, esteem, friendship, nay, more, my love, is yours; but your wife, I can never be. Seek out some one more worthy to be your bride, and in her caresses, forget one who is not worthy of your passing thoughts. Come, let us in—the night grows chilly, and see, the platform is deserted, and we are left alone. Perchance we may be missed, and scandal will then be in circulation. Come."

She extended her hand toward the stone-like youth, who, immediately accepting it pressed it first to his heart, and then to his lips, and as he did, a tear trickled from his glistening eyes, and fell upon it. Hastily brushing away the signs of his weakness, he then led her gently down the steps, and shortly after re-appeared in the ball-room, divested of every trace of his late emotion, and apparently the gayest of the gay. Loud and riotous were the bacchanalian choruses that shook the fretted ceiling of the banqueting room, for the Lord of the mansion, and of the province, was there, with the flower of his court, doing the honors and courtesies of hospitality to the envoy then newly arrived from England's shore. The board was spread in the centre of the apartment, capable of entertaining at least a score of knights and retainers upon each side, but those that were now engaged in the carousal, were limited to two or three and thirty, picked from the noblest families of the land. Upon a raised platform or dais, at the upper end of the hall, was seated Baldwin the Fifth, surnamed the gentle Earl of Flanders, a man who had attained the middle age of life, possessed of a singularly mild, benign and amiable disposition, united to a pleasing countenance, and graceful form, now arrayed in garments of costliest velvet, silk and satin, adorned with minever and down, and lace from the looms of his own country, the richest in the world, and sparkling with golden ornaments and jewels, scattered in rich profusion about his person. On his right hand was seated the ambassador of England's Edward the Confessor, the far-famed and oft sung Brihtric Snaw, (the son of Algar, the Lord of Gloucester,) who, contemporary chroniclers inform us, was the handsomest and most courteous gentleman of his time, a perfect model of grace and manly beauty, of kind and gentle bearing. Besides those who were quaffing the sparkling liquids at the board, ever and anon breaking forth into roars of boisterous merriment, the hall was filled with men-at-arms, seneschals, pages, cup-bearers, and last, though far from being held in the lowest estimation, a gentle troubadour from the sunny South, who chaunted the loves of noble lords and ladies, in a manner that obtained the heartiest commendations from those who chanced to catch his magic strains, and drew down from them thunders of applause, and the more substantial commendation of showers of golden coin. Lights also glanced in every nich and corner of the room, and the air, agitated by the full, deep tones of the many human voices, rustled the various flags, and banners, and silken trophies, festooned upon the walls, and from the ceiling, shaking from them clouds of choking dust, that probably had there accumulated undisturbed, for years.

"Weal and wassail to the Saxon King, Edward of England," suddenly exclaimed the Count of Flanders, during the temporary lull of the confusion, springing to his feet, and waving aloft a massy goblet of virgin gold, filled to the brim with the juice of the fruits of the vines of France.

"Weal and wassail to the Saxon King!" repeated, with vociferous shouts, every knight and noble at the table. And up rose their cups and goblets, as their holders started to their feet to drink the health of the Island monarch, amidst the lengthened and reiterated applause of the assembled soldiery and retainers.

"Thanks, thanks kind and many, for your courtesy and friendly feeling, most noble lords," replied the youthful envoy, with becoming grace and modesty, as soon as he could make the rich tones of his voice audible. "Doubt not, but that for this kindly reception of his representative, my honored master will feel deeply grateful to the mighty lords of Flanders. Permit me, as I resume my seat, to pledge you, in this bright wine, the health of one infinitely dear to you—to me—to all who know him; the brave, the virtuous chivalric, and beloved upholder of your country's rights and dignities. Weal, then, and wassail,—and shake the walls and roofs, the towers, battlements, and turrets to their centre—aye, shake the building to its very deepest foundation,—to the long life and health, glory, honor and prosperity, of one of the first and mightiest of the rulers of the earth—the good and gentle Baldwin, Earl of Flanders." And indeed, the shouts and cries, and exclamations that followed his brief speech, did shake the palace to its centre, and joining in the roar, the whole body of the assembled followers, swelled the tumult and confusion with the utmost power of their lungs, evincing how strong a hold the love of their noble ruler had upon their hearts.

"You will think, I trow," whispered the Earl to Brihtric Snaw, as soon as this momentary confusion had, in a measure subsided, so the parties paused for breath, "You will think that we are but a boorish set, and can decide far better about the qualities of the contents of our wine-cups, than upon matters of a loftier and more manly nature."

"Nay, indeed, my Lord," rejoined the other, with happy elocution, "'twas not in relaxation of convivial hours, that those actions were wrought which ranked your people among the wisest and bravest of the earth. None may expect that the loosened bow will speed the quarrel."

Bowing in return for the compliment evidently intended to be conveyed in this reply, Count Baldwin rose from his seat, and proposed leaving the banquet to their companions, and adjourning to the dance. The fair young envoy, with a smile of acquiescence, immediately adjusted his garments, which had become somewhat displaced in the revelry of the hour, and followed his steps through the long halls and corridors, until they reached a large oaken door, quaintly carved upon the outside, into Scripture scenes, which the Count threw open, and motioning for his companion to enter, they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of lords and ladies, whirling along in the mazes of the dance, to the time of rich and joyous music.

It was, indeed, a gay scene to look upon. Banners and ensigns were drooping from the walls and ceiling; wreaths and flowers, woodbine and eglantine circled the massive pillars that supported the gallery, wherein the musicians of the court were rolling out their strains of melody; beauty, bright, young beauty, and manly grace, and all the charms of kind and courteous intercourse, lent their aid to render the passing moments festive and free from sorrow. But among the many glistening eyes that wooed in admiration upon the faultless countenance of the youthful Saxon, there was one pair gleaming forth from beneath the snowy brow of the loveliest maiden in the hall, which told of ardent, instantaneous affection, of love not to be rebuked nor stifled with impunity. Yes, the fair daughter of the ruler of the realm, the beautiful Matilda, she whom we have seen upon the battlements of her father's towers, listening with cold and chilling apathy, to the fierce and impassioned words that burned upon the lips of her youthful suitor, who little dreamed then, of the future life that destiny had marked out for him, had at last been made to feel that tumult in her own heart, which she had caused in those of others. By her side still tarried the hopeless lover, and he marked, that suddenly, instead of the passionless, yet friendly words that she bestowed upon him, no answers were returned to his reiterated questions. Silent she sat, gazing fixedly at some object in the room, and following with his eyes, the direction of her glance, they encountered the smiling face of Brihtric Snaw. His heart instantly recoiled, for, with that single look, he comprehended all, and was convinced that all his efforts were worse than useless. With a deep drawn sigh, he turned away, unnoticed by the idol of his affections, and sought, by plunging deeply into the pleasures of the hour, to drive from his mind the remembrance of the thorn that rankled there. Vain hope!

* * * * *

One, two, three weeks—a month, passed away, while the young envoy was detained at the court of Flanders, and most assiduously did the fair Matilda endeavor to attach him to herself, during the hours that he could spare from the business of his mission, and draw him into an acknowledgment that the passion which she but too keenly felt within her own bosom, was reciprocated by him. But without avail! Most true, he seemed to linger around her as much as possible, to anticipate all her wishes, serve her with the most devoted fidelity, and become, in fact, her only companion. But no fire of love kindled in his heart, or shot its flickering flame through his sparkling eyes; no lisp of fond or tender affection, had he suffered to escape his lips, and neither word nor action evinced that he regarded her any more than as a lovely and fascinating woman, and an agreeable companion with whom to while away the passing hours.

Thus did matters progress with the two—she loving with all the concentrated fierceness and emotion of ardent love; he, unconscious that he had excited any feelings but those which absence, now speedily approaching, could easily efface. Thus, as I have said, did matters progress, until the day before the one assigned for his departure, when Brihtric Snaw received a message that the Princess would be pleased to see him. The summons was immediately obeyed, and following the page, he was soon in the presence of the Lady Matilda. She was alone in her apartment, and as the page retired, after having ushered in the envoy, she rose from her couch, upon which she had been reclining, and offered her hand to him. Raising it to his lips with accustomed gallantry, he pressed thereon a tender kiss, when he was startled by a warm tear-drop that fell upon his uncovered neck. Looking up, he found with much surprise, that the pearly liquid was welling up to the eyes of the lovely maiden, and that her cheeks were wet with its overflow.

"In the name of the holy Virgin, I exhort thee, lady, to tell me what secret grief has moved you thus!"

For an instant, she gazed into his eyes, as if she would have read, with the aid of only her own passion, the thoughts that were flitting through his mind, and then, as her entire frame was agitated with some inward convulsive effort, she threw herself upon his bosom, encircled his neck with her soft arms, and in a low voice, broken with sobs and sighs, exclaimed—

"Cast me not off, I beseech you. I am mad—mad. My brain is turned, and I care not what I do. You leave me to-morrow, and despair has driven me to this. Hear me—Oh! hear me—cast me not off. Let me lay my aching head upon this place—keep me to your bosom—Oh! would that you might forever,—for I love you, dearly, madly, rashly, body and soul forever!"

Astonishment—utter, petrifying astonishment, for a time, held the young man dumb at these words. He knew not what to say—how to answer this sudden and unexpected declaration.

"Consider, dear lady,"—he at length found tongue to say—but ere he could get any further, she interrupted him with,

"Not a word—urge no obstacles. I will not, cannot listen to them. I have not come to this rashly, nor without consideration. I have thought, meditated, pondered and dreamed upon it for weeks, and now, that you know all, my heart is relieved, and nothing will swerve me from my fixed, unalterable determination. Yours I am, and yours only; and with you will I go. I am prepared for sudden action—for immediate, instantaneous flight. With you, I am happy—mistress or wife, I care not, so that I but possess your love, and gladly will I follow you to the ends of the earth, happy to be the object of your affections, and wishing for naught else."

"It may not—cannot be, lady," answered Brihtric Snaw, in an anxious tone. "Reflect awhile, and this folly——"

"Ha! folly, said you!" said the maiden, loosing her arms from the tight hold which they had maintained around his neck, and drawing back a few feet, "folly, is it?"

"Even so," answered Brihtric Snaw, perceiving that the circumstance required firmness and decision. "But a few weeks from now, when I shall be in mine own country, you will rail against this week outburst of yours, and find another, whom you will love better."

"Never!" she answered.

"Then, but one thing more remains for me to say," continued he, slowly, and perhaps sadly, "lady, my affections I can never give to you, for they are——"

"Another's!" she interrupted with startling emphasis.

"Another's. In mine own land there dwells a maiden, unto whom my heart is plighted, and not crowns and kingdoms will tempt me to break that pledge."

"Then, may God curse you both. You shall one day find cause to think of this moment," said she with impressing look and gesture, sweeping from the room, leaving him to meditate and sorrow over the occurrence of the hour.

* * * * *

Years, long years passed away. The young and beautiful Matilda had become the bride of the suitor whom she had scorned on the evening of her first meeting with Brihtric Snaw, and that suitor had swelled the roar of arms around the land of Britain, and now wore the Saxon crown, under the name and title of William the Conqueror. Yet, the lapse of time had not cooled in the least, the resentment that rankled in the heart of the lovely Queen against the object of her first affections. Long did she meditate upon certain and sweet revenge, and when her lord and husband had brought his countrymen to the yoke of bondage, and the opportunity presented itself, even before she had set her foot upon the green sward of her newly conquered kingdom, by her orders, her emissaries had seized upon the person of her formerly beloved Saxon, and having stripped him of everything that he possessed, wife, children, friends, property and all, threw him into a deep dungeon of a subterranean prison, there to linger out the remainder of his days in misery and torment.*

* By consulting "Thierry's Norman Conquest," and that deeply interesting and well written work of Agnes Strickland, the "Queens of England," the reader will find that this imperfect and hasty sketch possesses the merit of truth.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, FOR FEB.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Gladdening gift to all fresh, pure things,
Children and flowers and birds and springs!
Chasing the night, when I feel thee come,
With her step so slow, and her lip so dumb;
I joy, that though wearied and worn it be,
My soul hath a welcome still for thee!

Sleepless and lone since set of sun,
I have wished that the long, dark hours were done;
Watching the shadows upon the wall,
And the lamps their flame in its rise and fall,
And praying for rest from the pitiless pain
That sickened my heart and bewildered my brain.
Fretted with thoughts of thee, I lay,
And of voices of children out at play,
And of opening buds in the new-lit wood,
With birds to sing for their solitude,—
The birds whose faint, sweet notes I hear,
'Mid the tinkling chime of streamlets clear.

Though I did not hope with the day to see,
The flowers beneath, nor upon the tree,
Nor the spring boil up through the glittering sands,
I knew that blossoms, by little hands
Would come, with the water to cool my brow,
With which it is bathed so kindly now.

Soothing it is, in a close sick room,
To have a wild-flower's soft perfume,
That was gathered from where we have loved to go,
The tribute of innocent hearts, to show
That e'en in their merriest hour, are not,
We and our helplessness, forgot!

Sweet, when our veins with fever burn,
A draught just drawn from its forest-urn,
Telling of moss that has round it crept,—
Of lights and shades that have o'er it swept,
Of the pictures of leaves that have on it lain,
And of gems it has caught from the summer rain!

Glorious Giver! Oh, let my sight
Ne'er shrink away from thy morning light,
With shame for wishes or thoughts of sin,
Nestled and fed my heart within;
Nor with fear for deeds that would stain my way,
Of the watchful eyes that awake with day!

FROM SARGENT'S MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

A FRAGMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As some vast lake, where thousand currents tend
And chafe and glitter as their waters blend,
Now fresh and stainless from their mountain home,
Now by rough channels scourged to eddying foam,
Or darkly turbid, as with sullen toil
They sweep in shadow through the loosening soil,
Flung from tall cliffs in many a bright cascade,
Or creeping voiceless through the leafy shade,—
So, in the scene of men's tumultuous strife,
Mingle and melt the murmuring waves of life.
There he that basks in fortune's noontide blaze
Spreads his gay honors to the vulgar gaze;
There the pale artist writes his lowly name,
And faints for bread to feed the vulture fame;
There haggard vice secures his last retreat,
And shameless hearts grow harder as they meet;
There the lost exile, friendless and alone,
Broods o'er his griefs, unknowing and unknown;
There passion's victim, in the careless throng,
In deepening guilt, forgets her girlhood's wrong;
And pallid shapes, unnoticed as they fade,
With trembling lips implore the stranger's aid;
And wearied age, unconscious of repose,
And sickly childhood, born to want and woes,
Joined by stern fate in one tumultuous sphere,
In one dark vortex roll and disappear!

FROM THE LADY'S WORLD.

LUCY WYNNE;

OR, RUSTIC

Felicity and Fashionable Misery.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

CHAPTER I.

The term fashion is merely the *elite* synonyme of display, and near a city every object is indelibly and universally stamped with it. What in its original beauty the Great Author sealed Nature, the art of man contorts into a second edition marked Fashion. Modesty is not the germ of a court, and if by accident it blooms among the weeds of fashion, it becomes by the contrast an eccentricity—it is turned into ridicule by the congregation of arrogance around it, in which vanity struggles to out-brazen vanity. Devoid of modesty, the fashionable man of the city is only happy when prominent: and like the man are his works. If you would seek his mansion, you must raise your eyes to where it frowns upon the hill-top, or towers up from the lowland to a height that is immoderately disproportioned to its base, as if its aspiring chimneys were endeavoring to overreach the more elevated situation of its neighbors. And strange, that the monuments of his pride should so reflect upon his silly vanity, that where by his works he has most labored to show his superiority his insignificance should become most apparent. For amidst all his gaudy grandeur, is not the plotting denizen of the city less noble than the rustic who dwells and meditates honestly with nature in her plainest garb: or can the one, who revels in the artificial haunts of luxury and vice, enjoy a tithe of the happiness of the other, who sits at feasts of the Omnipotent's preparation, and pledges Heaven in the pure nectar of the forest fountain? Ere the interrogation is answered, permit us to make a narration.

It was near the midnight hour of a still November night, that a light still glimmered from the windows of a cottage, whose plain walls were modestly half concealed in a locust grove, at the extremity of a romantic vale in Western Virginia. A lone female, and handsome, though rather beyond the meridian of life, kept vigil by the fire-side, within a small and rudely, but comfortably furnished room. The Holy Book was open upon her knee, and she was poring over the sacred pages like one engaged in seeking provision for her spiritual necessities; but as at intervals a stirring of the air without would awake the midnight stillness to a whisper, she would start—erect her bowed form and lean her head in a listening attitude, which betrayed there was something of earth not wholly banished her bosom.

She was a mother; and closely enshrouded in a bed that graced the room, slumbered her charge, a light-haired boy. The child stirred, and, as if the day's sport lingered in his dreams, dashed the bedclothes from his slender form, and laughed aloud. The mother approached the bed, re-composed the disturbed covering about the boy's frame, kissed his unconscious cheek, and then, startled by the sound of horses' feet without, turned, with an eager smile, to the door. In another moment she was clasped in a husband's arms. After the mutual congratulations and endearments of the meeting were over, the wife spread a slight, but inelegant repast, and while the travel-wearied man refreshed himself he rehearsed what he had seen in his absence.

He had been in New York some weeks endeavoring to secure a small claim of which some heartless worldling had attempted to defraud him. Tardy justice had awarded him his due, and that was a source of gratification to both—not that they needed or prized the "lucre," for their little farm afforded them an easy living, and they were not of a discontented disposition: but they possessed no little society of parental pride: they had formed large plans to educate and start their boy in the world. And as the father spoke of his success, he glanced toward the bed as if he would fain have embraced the child.

"He sleeps," said the mother in a suppressed tone, as if she feared to disturb the little slumberer; and the father resumed his narration. The few weeks he had spent in the North had been peculiarly marked by the boisterous spirit of political excitement. He described the nocturnal meetings and the torch light processions; the endless arrays of cottoned transparencies, and thousands of voices that shouted response to the words of impassioned orators.

The child roused by the familiar voice, slipped from the bed and crouched his light form, silently and unobserved, by the father's side. With an eager ear did he drink in the glowing descriptions, which, although he scarcely comprehended them, conveyed to his delighted imagination an idea of something greatly wonderful—something that made his little heart leap wild, with an indistinct anticipation of sometime mingling in those glorious scenes himself—*glorious*, because novelty and pageantry constitute the Eden of a childish fancy. At length as he became more excited by the picture, he laid his hand upon his fathers arm, who, for the first time conscious of his presence, regarded a moment in mute surprise the tiny wonder-wrapped features that were upturned to his, and then clasped the little one fondly to his heart in an embrace of parental love. He little imagined, however, that his words had made an impression upon that young mind which would only be dissipated by the sad reality of future experience. But it was so! The slightest circumstance in childhood has often fixed the colors of an after life, and from that moment, a dream of ambition filled the boy's breast—at first only manifested in a longing for the empty gorgeousness of the, to him unknown, world; but in time assuming the deeper shade of ambitious aspiration.

CHAPTER II.

As we have but brief space to chronicle the events of nearly a life-time, we must start an avalanche of ten years from the hill-side of futurity into the valley of the past. More hopes and lives were buried in that avalanche than we can tell of. Among the rest, the father and mother, whom we introduced in the foregoing chapter, slept beneath the sod; the cottage and farm were tenanted, though not owned, by strangers, and the child was sprung into the proud youth. He had become the ward of a wealthy farmer, whose domains were adjacent to his father's, and who, during the latter's life had been his most valued friend. And well did farmer Wynne acquit himself of the duties of guardian. He reared his ward as one of his own children, and improved and watched over his little estate, with as much care as if it had belonged to his own issue. All the accomplishments and knowledge that might be obtained from the academy of a neighboring county town, he was made master of, and at the age of eighteen Rufus Barton began to think of choosing an occupation for life. There were those in the neighborhood who thought that his guardian's only daughter, the lovely Lucy Wynne, had done some execution on his heart—and they thought right, for he did love the girl, and not vainly: they were long ago betrothed. There were those who thought, too, that with so gentle a being for a companion, and so noble an heritage as the Wynne estate superadded to his own, he would be contented to settle himself quietly for life in his native country. But in this they counted without their host, for the youth had a strange yearning to mingle in the mad struggles of an ambitious world. Ever since his childish ear had been delighted with the scenes described by his father upon the night of his return from New York, his breast had been filled with a desire to behold the fulfilment of his dreams of pageantry; and now that the time had arrived for him to select a profession, he determined to seek one somewhere in the turmoil and excitement of a great city.

His guardian opposed the determination. He had himself known something of the vices and dissipations of the city, and he felt that to throw the boy alone amongst them would be tempting his ruin. He therefore reasoned, commanded, and entreated, but all to no effect. Rufus persisted, and as he could not obtain his guardian's consent, prepared to go without it.

The hour he fixed for his departure arrived. It was a sultry morning in August—scarce nine o'clock, and yet the sun's intense beam had already drank every particle of dew from the blades of the tasselled corn. Leaf and shrub were drooping limply, or seemed to shrink from its ardent ray; the flocks had ceased to graze in the fields, and sought shelter in the woodland shades, and scarce a plumed aerial citizen but had furled his wings close in some leafy nook. Rufus, after a final interview with his guardian, left the mansion-house, and, with feelings too ardent to be affected, even by the fierce summer's sun, pursued his course toward a thick grove that stood isolated in a broad tract of meadow-land. That grove was the appointed spot for his farewell interview with the little mistress of his heart. He entered it.

With her small feet—the delicacy of whose proportions a Chinese princess might have envied—pressing a moss-fringed rock, her fair form bent slightly forward, with one round arm resting upon the bared limb of a shrivelled oak, which leaned half horizontally above the noisy brook that dashed by its roots, and with her blue eye fixed thoughtfully on the whirling eddies of the stream, stood Lucy Wynne. She was clad in a simple white dress of lawn. The broad calash bonnet that had shaded her brow was laid aside, and the dark ringlets danced unconfined about her graceful neck, while the blue scarf, thrown carelessly back, fell mingling with the folds of her dress, leaving her fair shoulders, and the outline of her lily bust, exposed to the soft breeze that stole through the sylvan spot. She seemed tracing a dream in the silver spray, that leaped, as if in vain endeavor to reach the ruby lips that mocked it from above.

Rufus Barton almost feared to disturb the picture, and hesitated—but too late, for her quick ear had caught his step. She dropped her careless attitude, and modestly reinstated the truant scarf in its proper office. She only half smiled as she extended him her hand, and vainly struggled to be playful, or to seem indifferent, as she said:—"Rufus, you only jest—you are not going to leave us?"

"I am earnest, Lucy; I have come to bid you a short adieu. In three years I shall be what the world calls a man—"

"*Of the world!*" added Lucy, half reproachfully.

"*In* the world, I hope," continued the youth. "I hope I shall have found a home, and a reputation in it. Then I shall return, and lead you to share them."

"Men keep no promises!" sighed the girl, with an air of unaffected melancholy.

"Then call me not a man," said the youth with warmth; "and reserve your gloomy quotations until there is need for them—which trust me shall be never! But come, now, let us think lightly of it. The separation will be short—only three years."

"*Only* three! And you call it short!"

"Surely! Lucy. Look back. Three years ago we had just learned to love, and it seems but yesterday."

"Ah! but that time has been like a pleasant dream," replied Lucy. "No parting—no absence—no fears. Besides, how do I know but that you may make love to a dozen others in your absence?"

"Well, dearest," pursued the youth sportively, "so I return true at last, it will be more delightful, by being so much the more romantic."

"But in that case," rejoined the girl, "you would be enjoying *all* the romance at my expense."

"Are you selfish?" enquired the youth, in the same selfish strain.

"In nothing but your affections," she replied, and a tear that trembled in her eye betrayed how little she relished such jesting.

"Nay, then, if you take light words so unkindly," returned Rufus, "I must needs be *serious*, and swear constancy if you like. But come, a parting kiss, and then adieu, for I have tarried too long."

"Nay! that would *ill* accord with the modesty you so much admire."

"Modesty! To love as we have—and even a single pressure of the lips on such a separation!"

"You called it short but now."

"And yet long enough to atone for the sin of a parting ——"

Lucy laid her finger on his lips to prevent the words, then yielding so reluctantly, and so timidly as if she feared the very trees would prate of the guilty license. A pressure of the hand—a tear brushed from either's eye, and they parted.

"'Tis well," soliloquized the girl, indulging in those feelings of melancholy presentiment, which, no matter how much confidence may be placed in the possessor of the heart, will present themselves on such occasions: "'tis well, I gave no more lasting token to be laughed at and mocked when vows are broken."

"Many a true word spoken in jest," whispered a voice. Lucy trembled, and glanced searchingly around her. Had there been a silent witness of the scene? No! 'twas only imagination. And yet she doubted. The next moment her doubt was confirmed. The figure of a small woman, with brown features and jetty eye-brows, sprang nimbly from behind a tree, and tapping a tamburine with her slender fingers, laughed in the astonished girl's face. Lucy shrank from her gaze with an exclamation of terror; but soon recovering, in some measure, her self-possession, she asked, in a faltering tone, "what creature are you?"

"Not a fairy," replied the woman, while a smile lighted the brown features that once, certainly, had been fascinating. "But you are a fairy," she continued; "your's is a sweet face, and I marvel much if the youth can soon forget it. No!—what!—have I lived and beheld so many false lovers, to marvel at one? No! no! But may be he will be true—he looked as if he meant to be."

"Who and what are you?" interrupted Lucy, her curiosity and interest awakened by the manner of the strange woman, and her stranger prattle.

"Who, and what!" reiterated the woman. "Does not this speak me a wanderer?"—and she threw her tamborine into the air, dexterously catching it as it descended, and poising it on her thumb, then passing her fingers lightly over its breathing surface, she sung—

"Oh, I have roved in many lands,
And many friends I've met"—

"No! not many—not many friends, but many mortals. I've been in England—I've been in France—I've been in Italy, and I shall die in America."

She paused, and Lucy, emboldened by her singular familiarity, as well as pleased with her voice, which was sweetly rich, asked her to sing again.

"Lady!" said the minstrel woman, "I often think of England, the dear land of my birth, and remember how my young days were passed in roving its bright hills, and then I can only sing—

"In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were dressed from top to toe.
We danced, and sang the jocund strain
Upon the forest green;
And sought but mirth and jollity
Around us could be seen.
And thus we passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care nor woe,
In the days when we went gipsying
A long time ago.

Ah those happy, happy days—they are gone! Like you, I had a lover then—he's gone, too! Pretty lady! did you never hear of a—*gipsy?*"

At the effect which the last sentence produced upon Lucy, the woman burst into a wild, loud laugh, which she suddenly checked, laid her hands convulsively upon her heart, and bounding with a fearful shriek, fell into the arms of the bewildered girl. A serpent which had stung her, fled hiss'ng, and disappeared with its slimy folds in a clump of tall weeds that grew by the margin of the stream.

CHAPTER III.

Three years passed, and Rufus Barton kept not his promise with Lucy Wynne. He had reached the city of Baltimore, and applied his mind to the study of law. By the aid of a tolerable figure, and a tolerable address he had been enabled to move in the *first* of the fashionable circles, and had become initiated into all the tolerable vices, and intolerable extravagancies of *the ton*. In short, he had spent three years in a round of continual enjoyment, and, as might be expected, had ceased to think of Lucy, except, as a *quondam* rustic flame—a simple blossom of the country garden, not to be compared with the gaudy flowers of the city *boudoir*. Moreover, he had run this very fashionable career, without—a by no means rare example—ever pausing to *count the cost*. It may for a while be avoided, but the day of reckoning eventually must come. It did come to our hero.

He was sitting in his room on the evening of his twenty-first birth day, for the first time engaged in serious reflection upon the course of his past life, and for the first time he began to entertain a doubt of the future. He was pondering over a letter just received from his guardian, which closed thus:—"The sum enclosed includes the last cent of principal and interest of the four thousand dollars which your departed father left in my hands for your disposal. How you have managed to squander that amount in three years is best known to yourself. With economy and prudence, you might have been enabled to live upon little more than the interest, and at the expiration of your minority, which will be in a few days, might have had at your command a reasonable capital to invest in some profitable business. All that now remains in my hands is the little farm, with the buildings upon it, which are worth probably a thousand. What your prospects are you have never given me to understand, but I hope the least of my fears may never be realized."

This was rather a gloomy source of contemplation, and for the moment he deeply felt the merited rebuke. After the first harrowing feelings subsided, he began making himself promises of amendment. But those promises somewhat resembled the hints of political economy so often thrown out by our legislators, the commencement of which is dated at some point a little distant in the future—which point, however, they wisely endow with the power of locomotion, so that it recedes with an impetus exactly proportioned to the momentum with which it is approached. Making resolutions is an easy way of compromising matters with conscience, and after an hour thus spent, Rufus rose, and with his accustomed buoyancy of spirit, prepared his toilette for an evening party.

A few months afterward he was admitted to the bar, and prepared to enter upon the duties of a practitioner. He had taken a little office in Court-house Lane, and put out his "shingle," where day after day he looked anxiously for some stray case, in which to try the strength of his new fledged pinions. At length his good, or ill, fortune sent him a client. He entered into the case with an alacrity and vigor which could not but promise success. The day of trial arrived. The court-room was crowded, so it was a case of some interest; and after the usual routine of examination and cross-examination of witnesses was gone through, our hero arose to make his maiden speech. The commencement was tolerable, but he soon became so confused that he scarce uttered a sentence without a blunder. He stammered on, however, unencouraged by any manifestation of applause from his audience, and at length took his seat amid jibes and whispers too loud and plain to be mistaken. The feelings of mortified pride, despair, and anguish which were moving him inwardly, might easily have been traced upon his brow, as he passed from the court-room. Although the cause was decided in his favor, he drew no consolation from it, for he knew that the success was not to be attributed to his own ability, but to the incontrovertible nature of the testimony adduced on the part of his client. Many bitter taunts from the crowd around him met his ears, and fell like searing-irons upon his brain. He reached the door, and in the excitation of his feelings was muttering a sentence of despair, when a voice whispered in his ear, "Try again for the love of Lucy Wynne." He turned as quick as thought, but not quick enough to detect the speaker, for whoever it was, he or she had disappeared, and left him upon the rack of profound mystery. An idea at first crossed his brain that Lucy herself might have been lingering near him unknown; but a moment's reflection proved that such a thing was preposterous. Besides the tones still rung in his ear, and they bore no resemblance to Lucy's, or time had marvellously changed them. His next impulse was to return and seek the unknown speaker in the crowd, but another thought showed him the madness of such an attempt. Continuing his steps to his office, he threw himself into a chair, and gave himself up to gloomy speculations upon the events of the last few brief hours. The breast full of hopes with which he had entered the court-room, his mortifying failure, the taunts of the crowd, and lastly, the mysterious voice, all whirled before his mind, until in the intoxication of grief and wonder, he could scarce persuade himself but that all was a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

For several days Rufus' mind was haunted with thoughts of his early love. Conscience smote him for his forgotten vows, and all the delightful hours he had passed with Lucy rushed back upon his memory. What a reproachful host of feelings the words of the mysterious voice had awakened! Recollections that wrung from his breast the deep groans of repentance, for they came like avengers of true affections slighted, to scourge the false heart. How he longed to return to the home of his childhood, and to lay himself at the feet of the mistress of his young affections—to be forgiven for all his errors, and to luxuriate once more in the quiet of love and seclusion. But oh! the pride of the human heart, that strongest cord that binds men to misery! Iron fetters from Vulcan's forge, could not more effectually have restrained from obeying the dictates of his inclinations. If he returned, might she not now reject him, and would not her father spurn him as a beggared spendthrift? To entertain the idea for a moment was worse than lunacy. He had plunged into the flood and there was no returning, the only alternative was to swim it through or sink. He tried to forget—to banish the galling reflections; and circumstances which soon began to transpire in the busy life he had chosen, favored his endeavors. He applied himself closer than ever to study and to his business, and in the course of a year, a brighter prospect dawned upon him. He really possessed talent, and notwithstanding the chagrin of his first unsuccessful effort, he had soon the satisfaction of feeling his merits appreciated. His success exceeded even his fondest anticipations. He had acquired a tolerable practice, which was daily increasing, and he was already gaining an enviable popularity as a public speaker.

Two years more rolled through their seasons, and placed our hero, by a succession of the most fortunate circumstances, in the possession of some little wealth, and of prospects, the realization of which would have filled the cup of any moderate ambition. Among other things, he was a favored suitor for the hand of the daughter of one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the city of ———. With a tall and voluptuous figure; a face in which sweetness seemed to blend with intellectuality; a mind stored with the rich treasures of learning and conversational powers the most engaging, Clara McAlvin stood the foremost of city belles. With the rest of her accomplishments she was, without seeming so, a finished and heartless coquette; and our hero's growing reputation made him an enviable mark for the battery of her artful charms. She

found him an easy conquest. He soon made advances, which she encouraged with such semblance of reciprocal attachment, that he was convinced he had only to demand the hand of the "most amiable creature in the world" to obtain it; and he only waited an opportunity.

One delightful evening, early in September, the steamer —— ran down to Annapolis, with a select party upon a pleasure excursion. Soft music, and the sound of footsteps in the gay dance, echoed through the decks, but many an [illegible] as the boat cleft the sparkling waves, [illegible] was not a guest on board. Conspicuous among the dancers, with a [illegible] graceful figure of Clara McAlvin, with Rufus Benton for her partner in the cotillion. It was twilight when they reached the harbor of Annapolis but the young revellers were bent upon a stroll through the streets of the ancient city, even if it were to be ended by moonlight. Consequently the gay party went ashore, with the exception of a few whose inclinations led them to pace the broad decks of the ——. Among these was Clara. She felt or feigned a slight indisposition, and of course Rufus was but too happy to linger in attendance. For a while they strolled the deserted upper deck, and then paused to watch the moon as she rose from the Eastward wave. The beauty of the scene, the balmy breath of evening, twilight melting into moonlight—all disposed to the communion of sympathising hearts. And especially did the influence of the hour steal over the heart of the young lover. His feelings struggled into words, and his passion was soon declared. He clasped the hand which she yielded passively to his pressure, and raising his eyes, he saw that a tear trembled in hers. This mute acknowledgment was enough. He expressed his gratitude for the token, and was indulging her ears and his own heart with the eloquence of a rhapsody, when he was interrupted by a voice near him which sighed, "alas! poor Lucy Wynne." He looked around. There were several persons, male and female, upon the after part of the deck, but none of them so near as the voice had seemed, nor even so near that words spoken in a common tone of voice could be distinguished.

"There must be spirits in the air," laughed Clara: "for surely that voice seemed just at your elbow."

"I could have sworn it," replied Rufus, "yet it must have been an illusion." That he did not really think it an illusion was plain from his agitation, which happily his fair inamorata attributed to a different and more self-gratifying cause. The incident, however, ended our hero's rhapsodies for the evening.

Soon after, the rest of the party returned aboard, and the boat was again put under way, homeward bound. The trip proved an unfortunate one for Rufus. It was one o'clock in the morning before the boat reached Baltimore, and exposure to the night air, and the damp dew that was falling heavily, gave him a violent cold, which, with the extreme excitement of mind that voice had occasioned, brought on a fever that prostrated him for several weeks.

He had recovered so far as to be able to leave his room, and was standing in the door of his boarding-house, conversing with several of his fellow boarders, when his attention was attracted by a party of rambling minstrels, who, with a crowd at their heels, had halted upon the opposite side of the street, and with a hand organ and several other instruments, were galloping through a variety of tunes to the infinite amusement of some half dozen little misses, who were giggling at them, and dropping them half dimes from the windows above. Presently one of the musicians, a little woman with a tambourine, left the crowd and crossed to the door of the boarding-house. Here she performed several pieces, at the same time tossing the instrument through so many evolutions that it seemed to be endowed with volition, and dancing a tune in the air of its own accord.

"Do you sing, good woman?" asked Rufus.

"A song!" exclaimed several of the others at the same instant.

Fixing her black eyes steadfastly upon Rufus, who wrapped in his cloak to guard against the dampness of the atmosphere, was leaning against the door frame, the woman struck her tambourine and sang:

"Let him who loves a maid,
Never, never leave her:
When absent she's afraid
He may oft deceive her."

She paused a moment, as if to see the effect of her song. Rufus averted his face from her gaze, with a feeling of uneasiness he could not himself account for. The woman proceeded, finished her song, and received from each of her auditors a small coin by way of dismissal, for a crowd was gathering about the door, and they feared it would become annoying. As she left, she turned to Rufus, who was the last to throw in his donation, and whispered aside: "Meet me in Howard's Park at six o'clock, and you shall learn a secret."

He started. It was the mysterious voice. He would have detained her, but without pausing for a reply she hopped nimbly from the steps, and rejoining the crowd, disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

It was about noonday that the incident last related occurred. Rufus spent the evening in a state of excitement not to be described. The revelation of one mystery had started another. What could that woman know of his early love, and what could be the nature of her secret? It was surely connected with Lucy Wynne, and in the relation which he now stood with another, what could be more unwelcome. Several times he determined not to go; but the pitch to which his curiosity had been aroused, together with certain undefined feelings that involuntarily intruded with the thoughts of Lucy, urged him on, and at six o'clock he repaired to the appointed place. The Park was deserted, and wore an air of loneliness unusual for so fashionable a resort, and the strange woman was not there. Muffling himself closer in his cloak, and leaning against a tree, he waited minute after minute, in impatient expectation. Ere long his thoughts were thrown into a new channel by the sight of a couple of figures who entered the Park. One was a tall, graceful female;—he could not be mistaken, it was Clara McAlvin. She was hanging rather more fondly than he thought became his accepted, upon the arm of one of his most detested rivals. They made a circuit through the Park, and then promenaded around the Washington Monument, which they entered. Jealousy was a disease that Rufus had never suffered with, but it must be confessed that this sight created sensations within him of a somewhat dubious character. He felt an irresistible desire to see further. A misgiving had entered his mind, and he knew he could not feel easy until it was reduced to certainty. He determined to ascend the Monument and meet them. Of course they could not suspect but that his appearance there was accidental, while he could easily discover, from Clara's reception of him, whether he stood as fair as he had imagined, or was supplanted. Actuated thus he entered the Monument, and receiving from the courteous janitor a lighted lamp, commenced winding his course up the dark, damp, and narrow stairway. He had gotten about half way up when the light he carried went out, and he soon became aware of his imprudence in venturing to ascend in the feeble state of health under which he was laboring. Disease and mental excitement had made him extremely nervous, and in that condition his rotary progression up the narrow flight, in darkness more gloomy than midnight, soon produced such a giddiness of the brain that he was unable to proceed. He seated himself upon the cold steps, and, for a moment, the Monument seemed spinning around with fearful rapidity, while a faintness of the most sickening nature crept through every limb. To those who have never experienced it, an adequate conception of the misery of the sensation cannot be conveyed. Fearing lest he should lose his consciousness, he roused himself, and with a desperate effort succeeded in reaching the top. Here he sank exhausted; but the pure air quickly restored him, and rising he stepped out into the ledge. The first object which met his view could scarcely be said to repay him for his painful ascension. Clara stood with her head reclined affectionately upon her companion's shoulder, while one of his arms encircled her lovely waist. She and her attendant were talking low and earnestly. Rufus thought, too, that just then the youth received the tribute of a kiss; but the dazzling effects of the light, upon emerging from the dark stairway, had partially blinded him, and he might have been mistaken. He saw enough, however, to break the spell which had bound him, and whatever of real passion he might have entertained toward the fair coquette, was, in that instant, changed by pride to hearty contempt. By a step forward he made them aware of his presence, and startled them from their loving position—the lady with a blush of confusion, and her companion with a smile of triumph. With an air of indifference, scarcely affected, Rufus apologised for the interruption. Clara soon regained her composure, and a short reserved conversation ensued between the trio, in the course of which our hero made several remarks of cool sarcasm, which, although not comprehended by his rival, had their intended effect upon the false lady, and he could easily perceive that she writhed under them. Soon after they left him alone upon the ledge, thanking his lucky stars that he had been delivered from the deceitful accomplishments of Miss Clara McAlvin. Though not entirely freed from regret of the defeat, he was, at least, cured of the folly of loving a coquette.

It was almost twilight ere he descended from the Monument, and when he did he found the minstrel woman waiting in the Park.

"If I had not a woman's curiosity," said he, as he approached her, "you would scarcely see me here; and now that I am here, I pray you, good woman, withhold not your secret."

"I suspect you have anticipated it," replied the woman. "I merely intended to show you that Clara McAlvin was false."

"I have seen it," said Rufus; "and truly I should thank you as a deliverer. But what of Lucy Wynne?"

"I said nothing of her."

"But you seem to know something of her—where is she?"

"A deserted flower beneath her father's roof," replied the woman.

"And you—what know you of her early love? You have been her confidant."

"I know of your declaration to Clara McAlvin. Remember the excursion to Annapolis. And yet you will hardly accuse me of being her confidant."

"Then for good or for evil, why do you haunt me! You are really a riddle."

"A riddle you will not be able to read, until your broken vows are atoned for," replied the woman.

"You seem strangely to have become possessed of truths. Perhaps you are a sybil," he continued with a smile, "and can tell of the future. What if I should return to Lucy Wynne?"

"So you return true at last, it will be the more delightful, by being so much the more romantic," returned the woman with an arch smile, repeating the words he had made use of at parting with Lucy six years before.

"Then you have overheard more of my declarations than one?" before he could finish the sentence his strange companion turned upon her heel and left him alone.

He reached his boarding house that evening an altered man, in more feelings than one, and began seriously to meditate a return to the home of his nativity. He [illegible] of the [illegible] disappointments he daily encountered in the life he followed. The wealth he was acquiring was hardly a compensation for the peace it disturbed, and the frivolities of fashion had no longer a charm for him. His mind was impressed with a disenchanted idea, day after day only served to strengthen the conviction of the inutility of his present pursuits to constitute his happiness; and in proportion as these convictions increased, a society of his early village pleasures came back until his heart turned again to Lucy Wynne, with as much fondness as in days of yore. A few months only elapsed, ere re-possessed of health and strength, and tolerable fortune, he bade adieu to the city.

"And what can you tell of the strange maid of the tambourine?" asked the happy Rufus, as one week after his return and reconciliation, he seated himself by the side of the mistress of his young affections in her own pretty bower.

"A wandering gipsy overheard our parting words in the grove," replied Lucy Wynne, in a voice which a few years had only rendered more melodiously sweet and rich. "In return for her curiosity she was bitten by a serpent, and during the illness which resulted I was her constant attendant. When she recovered she expressed the deepest gratitude for my little kindness. She was a creature full of more singularities than I can recount, and when she left me she said, I thought in jest, that she would go seek my lover and send him back true. She has kept her word."

"And deep is the debt of gratitude I owe her for restoring me to my treasure—to you, dear Lucy!"

"But how long is the restoration to last?" asked she, archly "you will roam again."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "Next week (you have consented) we shall be united, and then where I roam you will. But banish your fears; for I have had too bitter experience ever again to forsake RUSTIC FELICITY for FASHIONABLE MISERY."

United States SATURDAY POST.

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NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., a gentleman well known as an able writer and practised editor, has become by purchase one of the proprietors of the United States Saturday Post. Mr. C. J. Peterson retires from the concern, and will hereafter devote his entire attention to his flourishing periodical, "The Lady's World."

The firm will be changed to Samuel D. Patterson & Co., to whom all letters relative to the business of the establishment will hereafter be addressed.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our attractive readers (and it were profanation to suppose that the Post has any others) have not, of course, forgotten Sir Robert Peel's speech as published in last Saturday's paper. Reference to the Congressional Report, will show that the subject has caught the attention of both Houses of Congress; and quite an interesting sketch of a debate in the Senate will be found under its proper head. Moderate men of all parties will incline to Mr. Archer's definition of the position of affairs in relation to the Search Question, viz: That prior to the treaty, Great Britain claimed both the Right of Search and that of Visitation—that by the treaty, she has relinquished the first, and that she will not exercise the latter. On the other hand, some of the ultra English politicians insist that Great Britain never should have relinquished the Right of Search, and some go even so far as to say that she has not. Others say that it is purely a belligerent right, for which, in time of peace there is no call, and that in time of war Great Britain will not hesitate to search vessels under neutral flags, whether the bunting they wear be American or not.

The Right of Search need not be discussed now, for strictly considered, it certainly is abandoned by the Treaty. Instructions have been issued to English Naval Commanders, in which they are told that if satisfied that a vessel is American, they are to let her alone, even though she have a full cargo of slaves on board. The subject of Visitation meets the inquirer at the threshold with the question what is it? What is visitation merely, and where is the dividing line between Visitation and Search? The British Authorities, it is said, claim the right only to ascertain whether the flag a vessel wears is, bonafide, hers or not—and if we can understand the speeches of some of our Senators, they claim, on the other hand, that the flag of itself, is protection enough against the visit of a British cruiser. The truth is, that this is a delicate question, which can never be settled while the parties are captious about it; and on the other hand it is one in which too open a feeling of concession might lead to the establishment of very troublesome precedents—and dangerous as troublesome. On the one hand, the natural and, to a great degree, rational enough prejudice against the interference of Mr. John Bull, forbids his making too free with the American marine, under any pretext. On the other side, if a mere particular piece of bunting is to prevent a British cruiser from boarding a vessel, the United States will have the whole charge of the suppression of all slavers, of all nations, for no other colors will be worn than American.

Let us see if we cannot find some parallel by which to try this matter. Any citizen of Philadelphia may be accused of theft. On the oath of the complainant, a search warrant is issued, and the premises of the accused are ransacked from garret to cellar. If proof of the crime is found, it is all very well for the searchers. If on the other hand, no such proof is discovered, the party injured and mortified by the proceeding has a remedy at law.

But to come nearer the point in discussion. If a vessel is suspected as a pirate, any cruiser, of any nation, does not scruple to order her to heave to, to be searched. If she does not comply with the signal, a shot from the cruiser goes dancing along in the water, under her nose. If that does not answer, a shot is sent among the rigging, as a reminder that she had better comply; and if all this does not serve, the man of war proceeds to cripple the runaway in such a manner that she cannot run any longer. And, though innocent, the fugitive who subjected himself by contumacy to all this, has no redress by the law of nations and of naval etiquette. It is considered the duty of a merchantman—or rather a sort of deference to superior force, to accept a visit, if the other desire it; and we have heard of few instances in which such attentions from a man-of-war were resented. Should any unreasonable delay, or any serious injury or insult be inflicted by the cruiser, there is a remedy in reparation by the government of the aggrieving party, on the remonstrance of the government of the party aggrieved. Such proceedings are allowed where piracy, (outlawed by all nations,) is suspected, and the man-of-war proceeds, summarily with the pirate, whatever color she may wear. In this case the claim set up, is the right to visit and determine, not whether a vessel is a slaver, but whether she is an American—whether her flag is honestly worn, and her papers are genuine. It strikes us, that a new treaty, or a new codicil, may be necessary, to escape the difficulties which meet both ultra-national interpretations of the treaty, as it regards the right of Visitation on the Coast of Africa. We "ask nothing that is not clearly right—we submit to nothing wrong." A Message from the President will also be found in this day's paper touching the same important matter. We need not commend it to the attention of the reader, nor can we forbear praise of its manly tone. We are disposed to think with Mr. Tyler, that "the apparent difference between the two governments is rather one of definition than of principle."

There is still another topic of somewhat warm discussion growing out of the late Treaty. The English papers have discovered something in relation to the Boundary, about which they are exceedingly indignant—principally prompted thereto by that Capt. Dugald Dalgetty in surveying, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, whilome "United States Geologist." Sufficient is said of this, however, in another place.

By an announcement in this day's paper, it will be perceived that a change has taken place in the proprietorship. The character of the paper will, however, undergo no change from the circumstance, except such improvements as may be suggested by experience from time to time.

We call the attention of the reader to Mr. Wayne's translation of a French story, with an Eastern plot. It is worth reading, for the moral it conveys. Our original department next week will contain a story by [illegible], which all readers will be bound to like, and which the ladies must approve, as a matter of [illegible].

THE BOUNDARY.

Just as the last steamship was leaving these shores, the English newspapers had got up a new exhibition of wrath against this country, of which we give the following, from the Times as a specimen:

"It is a despicable piece of trickery that we did not expect even from an American. We know them to be dishonest, and swindlers in their money transactions, but did not expect to find such thimble-rigging among their statesmen. We trust that this lesson will not be thrown away upon our country, that we henceforth put no confidence in American protestations, or in Webster vows; let us not negotiate with a people devoid of the commonest principles of honor; we must act; and before we have any tricks played us in the Oregon, let us send a fleet of heavy armed and well manned steamboats to protect our rights in the fertile and valuable valley of the Columbia river."

And the London Sun, Third Edition, which contains Postscript No. 2, of the day on which the steamer sailed, says, that, in a certain event, "Mr. Webster will find, that, far from preserving peace, he has taken the most effectual means ever devised by a Minister, for plunging two countries in a deadly war." Probably, by this time, the reader begins to desire to know, what all this is about. We shall endeavor to satisfy him in as clear and concise a manner as possible.

It appears then, that at the request of a French Nobleman, Dr. Franklin, while in France, marked his idea of the Maine Boundary with a strong red line in a map—that Mr. Sparks, the historian found and procured this map, and sent it home to Washington—that there is no doubt whatever of its authenticity as the map which Dr. Franklin marked—and that there is as little doubt that Mr. Webster has seen it, and that it was also produced in the Senate while the subject of certifying the treaty was under consideration. Dr. Franklin's line, moreover, gives the British more of the disputed territory than they ever claimed; and the charge of trickery, meanness, and thimble-rigging against the American is made because Mr. Webster dared to assert that he believed in the justice of the whole American claim, and furthermore that he did not show the map aforesaid to Lord Ashburton.

But before we acknowledge the justice of this sentence of annihilation there are several things to be considered. The first of these is that Dr. Franklin, with all his wisdom, did not happen to be infallible, and that the tract about which so much dispute has arisen, was not, in 1782-4 considered worth talking about; and that therefore the Dr. might, and very probably did, think more of making a strong red line, than an accurate one. The second fact is that this red line does not agree with any possible interpretation of the language of the treaty, nor does it coincide even with the modern claim of Great Britain, nor with the "chain of Highlands" which this same Mr. Featherstonhaugh, who published the pamphlet which has made the breeze, erected on paper, in default of finding it in Maine.

Dr. Franklin's red line is then but one man's opinion, carelessly given probably, about a matter at that time deemed of little consequence. It is entitled to no official weight or character. And now, as to Mr. Webster's "duplicity." It is a new doctrine in diplomacy, that a negociator is bound to furnish arguments for both sides of a question, even if it were supposed that Mr. W. believed in the importance of this testimony; and it would be equally new to maintain that every trifle is to be furnished by opponents to opponents, for their own defeat. Mr. Webster probably puts the same estimate on this map that we have here given it.

But if it was Mr. Webster's duty to have assisted Lord Ashburton to make out his case, it was no less Ashburton's duty to assist Webster. His Lordship should therefore have brought over that old English map, in which the line, as the people of Maine claimed it before the treaty, is not marked with a pen, but engraved and printed as part of the original map. Such charts do exist, and if Lord Ashburton did not know it before he came here, Mr. Webster was not the man to let him remain in ignorance of it after he arrived.

It is said that this red line marked map was produced in the Senate, to dragoon Senators into voting for the Treaty, for fear they might fare worse by a new negociation. This may be true or not—and true or false, has nothing to do with the merits of the case. For our own part, having studiously investigated the subject while the Boundary was yet an open question, we can honestly say that, according to all natural interpretation of the language of the Treaty, and all collateral and direct testimony bearing upon it, the line claimed by Maine, it appears evident to us, was the line of the Treaty. We have given, instead of obtained territory by the Treaty of Washington. As an offset to the British newspapers, we give the opinion and sentiments of a British statesman—an opposition member too, who was bound to find fault with the Treaty, if he could. We refer to BROUGHAM.

"In debate in the House of Lords, on the answer to the Queen's Speech, Lord Brougham referred to the Treaty between the United States and Great Britain—as indeed nearly all the speakers did—and said concerning the Boundary adjustment—'As to the terms of that settlement—as to the territory which is affected by the line of boundary that we have heard so much talked of to-night, and much more and so less wisely talked of out doors, I profess for myself to be of this opinion—(a heresy, I doubt not, that will be questioned by some perhaps, of my noble friends behind me)—I so infinitely overvalue, perhaps, the importance, the vital importance, to the interests of this country and of mankind at large, of a good understanding, of a cordial friendly footing being restored between this country and our kinsmen of America, that I care not how this line of boundary is drawn. I am utterly indifferent what direction that line takes; let it go a few miles or leagues to the right hand or to the left, even let it affect Cape Rosa, even let it effect the navigation of the St. John's river—welcome! take it all. Give it up! Give me peace between America and England.' His Lordship goes on to say, however, that he is not left to that, in defending the treaty. He considers the settlement fair and just, and pays compliment to Lord Ashburton for the happy success of his negociation."

If, however, "interesting paragraphs" in newspapers could have created war, we should have been at it long ago; for the papers in neither country have failed in bellicose manifestations. They form a very harmless sort of standing army.

INTERESTING SUBJECT.

Phrenology, or, as it was originally and more properly termed cranology, is likely to do something worth while for the world, at last. Phrenology, so called, having directed attention to the palpable facts of the exterior of the head, and the shape of the scull, has made craniology a more sedulously pursued study. Now it is to be applied to antiquity. Dr. Morton, of this city, is preparing a work, which the Boston Medical Journal pronounces likely to possess an extraordinary interest for the antiquarian and physiologist, on the crania of the ancient Egyptians. Sculls have been put in his possession, belonging to a remote epoch, by Mr. George R. Gliddon, late a resident of Cairo, who is now lecturing very acceptably in Boston, on the Archæology of Egypt, and he will thus be enabled to develope some remarkable facts in regard to the primitive inhabitants of the valley of the Nile. He will satisfactorily demonstrate that the builders of the pyramids were Caucasians. This will be an unexpected discovery to the historian, since the opinion has been propagated, from age to age, that the authors of the monumental hieroglyphics were Africans. That they were white men seems now placed beyond dispute by the erudite researches of Mr. Gliddon.

NEW SPECULATION.

The Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer mentions the successful culture of cotton from Louisiana, in the valley of Hérault; (Languedoc;) the quality produced is averred to be remarkably fine and white, and great hopes prevail of the extension of the new product in that meridian. There was a time, it will be recollected, when French beet root sugar was to render the West Indies superfluous here in the Ocean—but the Isles survive yet; and we suspect the cotton of Languedoc will not supersede the necessity of growing a little of the staple elsewhere. The East Indian speculation is an admitted failure, so far.

A PERFECT BRUTE.

In Boston, last week, a man, who was engaged on the wharf in dragging the body of his brother, which had just been found floating in the dock, had his pocket picked of upwards of 2000 dollars. The robber who could do this, is entirely past redemption. If there is any time when a man can trust the sympathy and honesty of his fellows, one would think it must be while he is bowed down in grief; and if there is any crime more hateful than another, it is a breach of the trust of the afflicted.

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.

The Bill originated by Mr. Merrick to prohibit the running of private expresses, has [illegible] universal denunciation. It proposes to prohibit absolutely the transmission of any mailable matter over a Post Route, by any conveyance other than the Mails, under a penalty of $150 for each offence, one-half to the informer and the balance to the Government. By the term "mailable matter" is designed to mean "all letters and newspapers, and all magazines and pamphlets periodically published, and all written and printed matter whereof each copy or edition shall not exceed one pound in weight" issued [illegible] compiled.

We should not allude to this matter, as it has been pretty clearly demonstrated to be unconstitutional, were it not that the New York Tribune makes the following application of the law. Mr. Graham is about devoting a more undivided attention to the important work alluded to. The Tribune says:—

"Graham's Magazine, of Philadelphia, issues some 30,000 copies monthly, of which probably one-half are sent to subscribers by mail, and the balance sold by the single copy in the Cities and principal Villages throughout the Union: 10,000 copies are forwarded in a box to this City at a cost of perhaps three dollars. Pass this Venable bill into a law, and these copies must be sent by Mail at a cost of some hundred and fifty dollars per month. But this will deeply ruin the business. Not fifty of the 10,000 copies will be sent through the Mails. So of all the other Magazines. The sole effect will be to compel those who read Magazines to read only those printed in their own City, and do without all others."

As far as Graham's Magazine is concerned, its publisher is perfectly competent to conduct his own business, and our friends in New York and Boston, twenty thousand of whom read this Magazine, will not be thus summarily cut off from their favorite. Our heavy orders for New York and Boston we can, if necessary, ship by sea; and all orders for inland towns of over three hundred copies monthly, we shall forward in package or box by regular transportation, as merchandise, even over the mail routes, and our right to do so, cannot be successfully disputed in the Supreme Court. We have the same right to ship our books in boxes, and to send them in the baggage or transportation cars, that a merchant has to send hardware, and shall maintain it.

We are glad to see, however, the good sense of the House apparent, the consideration of the bill having been refused. We do not believe it can ever become a law. What do our country friends think of the effect upon their interests, as set forth by the Tribune. We hope our Exchanges will speak out.

"Many of the Country Newspapers send out their papers by Postriders, who pass through the neighboring Towns, distributing a copy to each subscriber. If this bill means as it says, every such Newspaper route must be broken up, and the subscriber go three or four miles to Post Office and pay an extra charge for a paper which is now regularly thrown at his front door."

MORE POINTED THAN FAIR.

The New York Correspondent of the National Intelligencer writes:—"The royal yacht now building for the Queen and Prince Albert, is to cost £100,000, and "there are eight thousand weavers' families actually starving in the manufacturing districts." Very well. If the yacht were not built, there might possibly be some families of shipwrights, caulkers and gravers, painters, sailmakers, rope makers, riggers, gilders and burnishers, blacksmiths, iron founders, spar makers, and cooks, to add to the list of starving ones. As the yacht undoubtedly requires some little provision of elegant British fabrics in its furnishing, it is more than possible that the purchase may have actually diminished the suffering of some of the weavers, even.

We are no apologists for the maintenance of regal pomp, at the expense of a starving people—or for the impoverishment of a nation to maintain a splendid government. But while such things are, the revenue of royalty, and the incomes of the titled princes, when spent in employing artisans, are better disposed of than if given in charity outright. Wages are better charity than alms.

EXECUTIVE PARDONS.

It will be remembered that a resolution passed the Senate of this State some time since, instituting an inquiry into the number of pardons which have been granted for the last fifty years. What is the precise intention of this motion we do not exactly comprehend; but if it be to show that Gov. Porter has granted more than any body else, it only proves that while he is among those remarkable for clemency, still he is not absolutely A. No. 1., in that qualification. There are several, to catch up with whom, Gov. Porter will have to work sharp yet. The statement is: Thomas Mifflin, nine years administration, 511; Thomas McKean, nine, 1061; Simon Snyder, nine, 900; William Findlay, three, 431; Jacob Heister, three, 360; Jacob A. Schulze, six, 724; George Wolf, six, 424; Joseph Ritner, three, 79; David R. Porter, four, 339. On the whole, however, it must be admitted that Pennsylvania takes the lead in the matter of pardons, and that the Governors of few States in the Union have left quite so long a catalogue behind them.

BRAVE GENERALS.

A letter dated Lima, Nov. 8th, gives an account of an engagement which took place at Agua Santa, about 140 miles from Lima, between the armies commanded by Generals Vidao and Torrico, in which the latter was defeated and his whole force dispersed or captured. Very few were killed—not more than fifty, probably. There were about seven thousand troops present, of which upwards of four thousand were on the side of Torrico; who lost the battle by his own cowardice, for he was the first to fly from the field, and fled whilst the chances were decidedly in his favor. He rode in great haste to Callao—went on board a French corvette, and he and his ministers, and Gen. San Roman and some others, have gone to Chili. Vidao, believing also that he had lost the day, fled in the opposite direction from Torrico, not stopping until he had gone forty or fifty miles, and was with difficulty overtaken and persuaded that the victor was his; so that both the commanders were running away at the same time.

PARSON MILLER.

Paulding's witty vision of the "End of the World," which hits off Parson Miller so admirably, has in it nothing choicer than the remark put into the mouth of the old prophet, "Going! why to make preparation for this awful catastrophe, which, to tell you the truth, I have entirely neglected, being altogether taken up with predicting it. Bless my soul! I had no idea it would be so hot." Next to this is the saying of our barber, "Thank the stars! it's to come off on the 23rd of April, just as every body becomes bound for a new quarter's shaving." A witty, pleasant man is our barber, a second little Benjamin in his way. His acquaintance is quite an acquisition, and we shall be considered public benefactors by all who take our advice and call to see Mr. Nickins, at 107 North Ninth St. He and Parson Miller are the two wonders of the day, only the Parson's glory will soon pass, while his will long shine, as we hope, for the good of many chins.

WASHINGTON RUMORS.

Mr. Forward, having resigned his post in the Cabinet, to take place March first, has, it is said, altered his terms of resignation, remaining in office till March fourth, which, so as to obviate the necessity of sending Mr. Spencer's name into the Senate as Secretary of the Treasury. Judge Patten is to go to Denmark, and Mr. Forward is to have Judge Patten's place.

Mr. Wise has been nominated Minister to France, and Mr. Proffit to Rio Janeiro. Both will probably be confirmed.

The Post Office Bill, to kill the private expresses, will not, it is said, pass the House, nor will the bill become a law which reduces salaries.

Nothing has been heard yet from the Bankrupt Bill—so that it is possibly to die in the hands of the President, if not vetoed directly by him.

PREMIUMS.

The Committee on Crops, of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, announce the following premiums:

For the best acre of Lucerne, to James Gowen, of Mount Airy, the premium of $10.

For the best two acres of Rye, to James Gowen, the premium of $10.

For the best five acres of Corn, to Henry Chorley, of the Scott Farm, the premium of $10.

For the best two acres of Potatoes, to James Gowen, the premium of $10.

For the best acre of Ruta Baga Turnips, to Jas. Robinson, on the farm of Lewis Clapier, Esq., the premium of $10.

For the best half acre of Carrots, to Jas. Gowen, the premium of $8.

For the best quarter acre of Sugar Parsnips, to James Gowen, the premium of $6.

A PROMISING CHILD.

The Cleveland Herald states that there is at the Museum in that city, a young girl, eight years of age, named Hannah C. Crouse, born in Portage county, Ohio, who weighs two hundred and twenty-three pounds! Miss Crouse is truly unfortunate to be thus early made an exhibition of, by unfeeling people; and her lot is cast in life, co-equal with that of a large swine. These improper exhibitions are becoming altogether too common.

THE MILLER ABDUCTION.

This case continues to excite attention in New York. It seems that the wife does not wish to live with the husband, while the husband insists that she shall. Miller, moreover, is charged with having forged a note for $20,000, and having confessed the forgery to his wife, while he was laboring under religious excitement. We find the New York papers divided upon this subject, some of them treating the forgery charge as ridiculous. It is a singular case, altogether. The guilt of Mr. Miller, if he be guilty, never can be proved without producing the note in evidence. He charges his wife on the other hand, with having been induced to trump up this charge by her connexions.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

The Campechianos still defend their city against the Mexican army, and, it would appear, with no little punishment to the latter. It is stated that the Mexicans having fortified themselves on the heights of Gibina, overlooking Campeachy, were driven thence on the 1st of February by the Campechanos, the latter losing only some 70 men, while the Mexicans lost 400, among whom were their general, and a son of Santa Ana. The Campechanos, it is stated, are therefore in high spirits, and are about to declare Yucatan free for ever, and adopt a national standard. Com. Moore, with the Texan fleet, was expected soon to arrive to their assistance.

VERY FOOLISH.

We noticed a few weeks since the disappearance of a newly wedded bride, Mrs. Anna La Cross, from Lansingburgh. Mrs. Cross has since returned, having only gone to make a visit to some of her friends. She was very foolish to do this without advising her husband thereof; he was very foolish in making a public row about it; and the newspapers are very foolish in making continually mountains of mole hills. A woman cannot now-a-days go to market, or a man to a caucus, but the first thought of whoever may hear of the "mysterious circumstance," is to put it in the newspapers.

THE COLDEST YET.

The Norwalk (Conn.) Gazette says: "We understand that the weather has been so intensely cold during the past week, on the line of the Housatonic Railroad, that the water in the boiler of the locomotive actually congealed while the engine was in operation, and the train was brought to a dead stand!" Freezing up a locomotive, while under a full head of steam, is certainly a new idea. It beats bass wood cucumber seeds. We are not informed by the Gazette whether the fire froze under the boiler, but the inference is certainly in favor of that supposition.

A FACT FOR THE LADIES.

The New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing about the fast trotting horses attached to the sleighs of that city, which go at the rate of a mile in three minutes, says: "A couple of these velocitrots met at a corner last week, and showered a lady through, and nearly killed the gentleman who was driving her—the lady only saved from death by some of her belongings of wood or whalebone. It would be worth while, if the world were going to last much longer, to 'manufacture a little public opinion' on this subject."

REV. MR. BETHUNE.

The lecture of this gentleman in Baltimore was justly appreciated by his audience, and the Press bore fitting testimony to its excellence. The American says:—"His subject—'Holland'—was elaborately discussed, embracing a wide and critical range of historical information. Those who had either a remote or immediate connection with, or interest in the country that formed the theme of the lecturer's discourse, could not be other than pleased, as well with the justness of his remarks as with the style and forcible character of his oratory.

RUSSIAN PUNISHMENTS.

By a recent order of the Emperor, the punishment of a convicted incendiary in Russia is decreed to be running the gauntlet six times before one thousand soldiers, and, in the event of his surviving, (!) twenty-one years' labor in the Siberian mines! Russia is behind the age. The imposition of barbarous and terrible punishments degrades men to brutes—not merely the sufferers we mean, but a nation. Perhaps, however, want of intellect is rather a recommendation, than otherwise, to a Russian subject.

PROFITABLE.

The number of letters brought by the Acadia is estimated at 30,000; which would yield at only twenty-five cents each, the sum of $7,500. They will probably average much higher than twenty-five cents, and yield not far from $20,000. The British Government can well afford to pay Cunard £60,000 per annum for mail transportation. We doubt, however, if, as passages have been averaging for the last year, whether Mr. Cunard finds that this £60,000 makes up his deficiencies. A steam ship is a costly vehicle.

COMMODORE PORTER.

The whole nation will be pained to hear that Com. Porter is probably now no more. At the latest dates he was so ill, at Constantinople, that little hope was entertained of his recovery. He was one of the most dashing and able officers in the service, until he was sacrificed for a point of etiquette. Capt. Drew for the same sort of offence in the British navy, much more important, will be made, in the end, an admiral. Justice will probably be done to the character of Porter, when he is no more.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPHS.

A correspondent of the Boston American, states that the Penobscot Indians have in their possession several autograph letters from Gen. Washington, addressed to them, urging their neutrality while the contest for our independence was raging. We dare say these red men put more value upon the relics than many white men would. There is too little veneration in the Anglo-American character. Running away from John Bull's undue worship of the past, we have gone too fast and too far.

BANKRUPTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In the District Court of the United States in Massachusetts, (says the Boston Daily Advertiser,) the amount of funds deposited in the Court, arising from the estates of Bankrupts since the law went into operation, is $143,760, of which there has been distributed $56,485. The number of bankrupts is over 3000, and the number of papers which have been filed in bankruptcy is over 75,000.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.

The latest intelligence from Buenos Ayres contains nothing new about the operations of the armies; but gives us the intelligence that the British Minister had addressed to the Governor of Buenos Ayres a letter announcing on behalf of the Governments of Great Britain and France, that the sanguinary war now existing between the governments of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo must cease.

FRENCH POLICY.

Capt. Adams of the ship Brandt, informs the editor of the New Bedford Mercury, that the French had actually taken possession of the Society Group of Islands in the Pacific Ocean. We are willing to admit the ability of Louis—but we must acknowledge that in a foolish monarch, we should consider both the Marquesas' colonial speculation, and this later one, but new proofs of folly.

USEFUL TOYS.

Mr. H. L. Lipman, of 133 Chesnut street, has got up an exceedingly useful description of toy. It is a set of beautiful Britannia letters, over one hundred in number—capital to teach children to read, and not bad as an amusement for their seniors, in the making of anagrams and other fireside diversions. We hope the inventor will realize a wide sale for this neat affair.

A LONG STRETCH.

The English papers state that immense flocks of pigeons, supposed to be travellers from America, recently made their appearance in the vicinity of Cumberland. How the fact was reached that they went from this country is not stated. They probably have fallen in with the travelling spirit of the age. We wish John Bull would send us a few larks in return.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

We call attention to the advertisement in our paper of the Encyclopedia of Geography, and beg to state that the work can be furnished by William H. Graham, No. 98 Chesnut street, where can also be had the Medical Journal and News, at the publisher's prices. All the current serials and periodicals are for sale at the same place.

COMMODORE HULL.

The Bostonians are determined not to be deficient in their testimonials of respect to Commodore Hull. A subscription is on foot to erect a Naval Monument to his memory in the Cemetery at Mount Auburn. On the Monday following his funeral, sixty-nine guns were fired on Boston Common as a token of respect.

☞ The Maine Senate has resolved, by a vote of 16 to 8 to tax railroads as real estate.

HARD TIMES FOR COOPERS.

It was stated in the New York Legislature a day or two ago, that "the calamity and wide spread reformation from intemperance has so ruined the market for whiskey barrels, that the sales have fallen off ninety per cent." The coopers must turn their attention to the manufacture of meal tubs, beef and pork barrels, and other vessels to contain the necessaries of life, a proper proportion of which has been [illegible] superseded by poison. It is truly cheering to witness the solid comfort which has taken the place, in so many families, of former destitution.

Correspondence.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SATURDAY POST.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, DATED *Bristol, England, February 2nd, 1843.*

There is a precious piece of work here about a certain "red line map," found in the public archives of Paris, and marked by Dr. Franklin sixty years ago, to show the boundary between the United States and the British Provinces. By this document, it is affirmed, that the whole of the Disputed Territory belonged to Great Britain, that the United States Senate and Government were in possession of this map when they ratified the Treaty—and that, therefore, they solemnly claimed land which they must have known at the time, did not belong to them. You have no idea how we are be-rated in the English papers for this negotiation, which is termed in Europe dishonorable and fraudulent. So it would be, were the charges true, and the map also true; but there lies the touch-stone. Surely the red line so marked by Dr. Franklin, was merely his opinion—his own view of the Boundary; and I have not the smallest doubt that the whole can be satisfactorily explained. I am perfectly confident that it is impossible for either the United States Senate or Cabinet to negotiate a Treaty, a solemn national compact, in a dishonorable manner. Time and patience will, I am sure, clear up this matter to our credit. The truth is, that one most unhappy error, on the part of Mississippi boldly avowed, and the non-payment of interest by other States, have naturally rendered the nations of Europe suspicious. But time is a great curer of all errors; and I know, that ere long, we shall once more, to use the language of David Crockett—"be sure we're right—then go ahead."

Then there is another terrible row kicked up by the Premier, Sir Robert Peel, in a speech of his on the Treaty of Washington. He vows that Lord Ashburton did not give up the "right of Visit"—the so-called "right of Search" has, as you know, been solemnly disclaimed by Lord Aberdeen, as far as extends to a period of peace. Well now, I really think Sir Robert wrong, as relates to the Coast of Africa and the suppression of the inhuman slave-trade—because I certainly understood by the 8th article of the Treaty, that each nation was to send a squadron of vessels of war to act separately for themselves, but that the officers of the two squadrons were to meet and consult as to the best mode of proceeding. Surely this must have been intended as instead of right of Visit on that Coast—at least such would seem to be the common sense view of the matter. Depend upon it, that serious as this difficulty now looks, it will eventually turn out to be a mere misunderstanding as to terms, and easily arranged. There is, I believe, a right of visit common to all the navies of the world, but one which is only used under very peculiar and suspicious circumstances, such for example, as when pirates are abroad. Indeed, if no right existed to visit the vessels of those miscreants, they would carry on robbery and murder with impunity, for they would run up a British flag if they saw an American vessel of war bearing down, or the "stars and stripes" if a British man-of-war approached. It is probable that in some treaty or other soon to be made between England and France, the exact limits of this very delicate right, used by all nations in self-defence, and against the common enemies of mankind—pirates, &c.—will be defined. Such a definition is really much wanted. As for the speech, I rather think that it was partly a *ruse* just now, intended to act at a critical period on a coming negotiation with France—and certainly to satisfy those nations with which England lately signed the Quintuple Treaty. France, you will remember did not, and therefore the Treaty became *quadruple*. I repeat, this entire matter, now apparently an *imbroglio*, will end in explanation and—smoke.

Then comes the Oregon question, which I see by the latest advices, is just beginning to be agitated in Congress. This matter, I firmly believe, would lead to difficulty—that is, if the United States were to take possession of it exclusively without consulting England. The papers say that this is a disputed territory—each claiming rights in it, and they urge that it should be settled by negotiation or reference. But I do not thoroughly understand the merits of the question, and therefore content myself with recording national feeling on the subject. The London Times, (organ of the government,) at the close of a phillippic on the "red line map" affair, boldly recommends in such a case, a fleet and army to be sent to the Oregon forthwith, and without further ceremony—alluding doubtless to the expedition now in China, and the returned forces from Affghanistan. But then I feel confident that America will do only what is just, and nothing contrary to the usages and courtesy of nations—and I am equally sure that she will urge her just claims and obtain them. I pray you in all these matters to remember that "Mississippi repudiation" has injured us in the esteem of all the nations of Europe. That shocking word we must get rid of. We must live it down—for being wrong in that, the kingdoms of the old world, prejudiced against our free institutions, will be apt to fancy us wrong in every thing else. Both here and in France, this sin is most unjustly charged upon republicanism, and you will readily perceive that it is the interest of every monarch and government in Europe to oppose its spread, while they view with jealousy the very existence of the bold, liberal and just self-government of the people. These are truths, and they should not be lost sight of. Travellers from every nation of Europe have visited the United States, and merchants have traded with us. These cannot but see the improved condition of our people, and the glory of general education as it flourishes in a republic, while they admire the political equality of citizens and the cheapness of the government. Think you that these examples and results are palatable to the crowned heads of Europe? Assuredly not. They doubtless wish our system out of the world; and if we were to fail in national and public virtue, honor and faith, the cause of human freedom would be deeply injured at our hands. Let then "our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works."

I fear I grow tedious with politics, but the times seem to render some mention of them necessary. It is probable that I shall not offend again on the same score. And now let us talk of pork! Yes—I mean it—pork.

Rely upon it that a more interesting topic could scarcely be found for the United States; and then I refer exclusively to American pork, some quantity of which has found its way into the English market. Now comparing the quotations in your "Prices Current," especially those which refer to Cincinnati, with the prices this pork sells for in England, the profits must be large. Complaints are made that the pickling, salting and general doing-up, are inferior to the plans adopted in England and Ireland. There is truth in this,—but how easily is the objection remedied—and that probably without any additional expense. Look to it—look to it!—for properly followed up, the exports of American pork, hams, beef, and other provisions, will become a vast commerce—while in price, the American merchants ought to undersell those of every European country. There will always be an abundant market for American produce in England, even if the remainder of the Corn Laws should be taken off, an event by no means improbable.

Speaking of imports from America, there are, I understand, one or two disciples of the miserable and mistaken maniac Miller, who is creating such excitement among the credulous portion of the people, in foretelling the speedy destruction of the "great globe itself." These fellows have commenced operations in London, but the delusion does not take to any extent, and my opinion is, that they will soon go back whence they came—unless, indeed, they should have the misfortune on the voyage, to be consumed in the final fires. Truly yours, &c.

P. S. Joe Smith's emissaries have been more successful than the end of the world men, for they have within the last two or three years induced hundreds to emigrate to Nauvoo, which they have described in such vivid colors, that their hearers believe it to be a second Paradise. Poor dupes! They had better have been locked up in some Lunatic Asylum, unless on their arrival and discovery of the humbug, they take courage and go and settle far away from Nauvoo, on some of the rich prairie lands of Illinois or Wisconsin, and amongst reasonable people.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the House of Representatives:

In compliance with the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 22d instant, requesting me to communicate to the House "whatever correspondence or communication may have been received from the British Government respecting the President's construction of the late British Treaty concluded at Washington, as it concerns an alleged right to visit American vessels," I herewith transmit a report made to me by the Secretary of State. I have also thought proper to communicate copies of Lord Aberdeen's letter of the 20th December, 1841, to Mr. Everett; Mr. Everett's letter of the 23d December, in reply thereto; and extracts from several letters of Mr. Everett to the Secretary of State.

I cannot forego the expression of my regret at the apparent purport of a part of Lord Aberdeen's despatch to Mr. Fox. I had cherished the hope that all possibility of misunderstanding as to the true construction of the eighth article of the Treaty lately concluded between Great Britain and the United States, was precluded by the plain and well-weighed language in which it is expressed. The desire of both Governments is to put an end as speedily as possible to the slave trade, and that desire, I need scarcely add, is as strongly and as sincerely felt by the United States as it can be by Great Britain. Yet it must not be forgotten that the trade, though now universally reprobated, was, up to a late period prosecuted by all who chose to engage in it; and there were unfortunately but very few Christian powers whose subjects were not permitted, and even encouraged, to share in the profits of what was regarded as a perfectly legitimate commerce. It originated at a period long before the United States had become independent, and was carried on within our border in opposition to the most earnest remonstrance and expostulations of some of the colonies in which it was most actively prosecuted. Its character, thus fixed by common consent and general practice, could only be changed by the positive assent of each and every nation, expressed either in the form of municipal law, or conventional arrangement. The United States led the way in efforts to suppress it. They claimed no right to dictate to others, but they resolved, without waiting for the co-operation of other powers, to prohibit it to their own citizens, and to visit its perpetration by them with condign punishment. I may safely affirm that it never occurred to this Government that any new maritime right accrued to it from the position it had thus assumed in regard to the slave trade. If, before our laws for its suppression, the flag of every nation might traverse the ocean unquestioned by our cruisers, this freedom was not, in our opinion, in the least abridged by our municipal legislation.

Any other doctrine, it is plain, would subject to an arbitrary and ever-varying system of maritime police, adopted at will by the great naval power for the time being, the trade of the world in any places, or in any articles, which such power might see fit to prohibit to its own subjects or citizens. A principle of this kind would scarcely be acknowledged, without subjecting commerce to the risk of constant and harassing vexations. The attempt to justify such a pretension from the right to visit and detain ships upon reasonable suspicion of piracy, would deservedly be exposed to universal condemnation, since it would be an attempt to convert an established rule of maritime law, incorporated as a principle into the international code by the consent of all nations, into a rule and principle adopted by a single nation, and enforced only by its assumed authority. To seize and detain a ship, upon suspicion of piracy, with probable cause and in good faith, affords no just ground either for complaint on the part of the nation whose flag she bears, or claim of indemnity on the part of the owner. The universal law sanctions, and the common good requires, the existence of such a rule. The right, under such circumstances, not only to visit and detain, but to search a ship is a perfect right, and involves neither responsibility nor indemnity. But with this single exception, no nation has, in time of peace, any authority to detain the ships of another upon the high seas, on any pretext whatever, beyond the limits of the territorial jurisdiction. And such, I am happy to find, is substantially the doctrine of Great Britain herself, in her most recent official declarations, and even in those now communicated to the House. These declarations may well lead us to doubt whether the apparent difference between the two governments is not rather one of definition than principle. Not only is the right of *search*, properly so called, disclaimed by Great Britain, but even that of visit and inquiry is asserted with qualifications inconsistent with the idea of a perfect *right*. In the despatch of Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Everett, of the 20th December, 1841, as also in that just received by the British Minister in this country, made to Mr. Fox, his Lordship declares that if, in spite of all the precaution which shall be used to prevent such occurrences, an American ship, by reason of any visit or detention by a British cruiser, "should suffer loss and injury, it would be followed by prompt and ample remuneration." And in order to make more manifest her intentions in this respect, Lord Aberdeen, in the despatch of the 20th December, makes known to Mr. Everett the nature of the instructions given to the British cruisers. These are such as, if faithfully observed, would enable the British Government to approximate the standard of a fair indemnity. That government has, in several cases, fulfilled her promise in this particular, by making adequate reparation for damage done to our commerce. It seems obvious to remark, that a right which is only to be exercised under such restrictions and precautions, and risk, in case of any assignable damage, to be followed by the consequences of a trespass, can scarcely be considered any thing more than a privilege asked for, and either conceded or withheld on the usual principles of international comity.

The principles laid down in Lord Aberdeen's despatches, and the assurances of indemnity therein held out, although the utmost reliance was placed on the good faith of the British Government, were not regarded by the Executive as a sufficient security against the abuses which Lord Aberdeen admitted might arise in even the most cautious and moderate exercise of their new maritime police. And, therefore, in my message at the opening of the last session, I set forth the views entertained by the Executive on this subject, and substantially affirmed both our inclination and ability to enforce our own laws, protect our flag from abuse, and acquit ourselves of all our duties and obligations on the high seas. In the view of these assertions, the Treaty of Washington was negotiated, and upon consultation with the British negotiator as to the quantum of force necessary to be employed in order to attain these objects, the result to which the most deliberate estimate led was imbodied in the eighth article of the Treaty.

Such were my views at the time of negotiating that Treaty, and such, in my opinion, is its plain and fair interpretation. I regarded the eighth article as removing all possible pretext on the ground of mere necessity, to visit and detain our ships upon the African coast, because of any alleged abuse of our flag by slave traders of other nations. We had taken upon ourselves the burden of preventing any such abuse, by stipulating to furnish an armed force—regarded by both the contracting parties as sufficient to accomplish that object. Denying, as we did and do, all color of right to exercise any such general police over the flags of independent nations, we did not demand of Great Britain any formal renunciation of her pretension. Still less had we the least idea of yielding anything ourselves in that respect. We chose to make a practical settlement of the question. This we owed to what we had already done upon this subject. The honor of the country called for it; the honor of its flag demanded that it should not be used by others to cover an iniquitous traffic. This Government, I am very sure, has both the inclination and ability to do this; and, if need be, it will not content itself with a fleet of eighty guns—but sooner than any foreign government shall exercise the province of executing its laws, and fulfilling its obligations, the highest of which is to protect its flag alike from abuse and insult—it would, I doubt not, put in requisition, for that purpose, its whole naval power. The purpose of this Government is faithfully to fulfil the Treaty on its part; and it will not permit itself to doubt that Great Britain will comply with it on hers. In this way peace will be best preserved and the most amicable relations maintained between the two countries.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1843.

General News.

FIRE IN DETROIT.—A fire at Detroit, Mich., on the 21st ult. consumed a store occupied by A. H. Stowell, hardware dealer, the law offices of Messrs. A. & H. H. Emmons, the cabinet shop of B. B. Moore, the hardware store of Mr. F. Dickinson, the cabinet shop of Mr. West, and the law office of Gen. Witherell. Messrs. Emmons saved their library, notes and other securities, but lost many valuable legal papers. General Witherell saved his library and papers, but his office was entirely burnt. Total loss estimated at $412,000.

STILL ANOTHER SLIDE.—We learn that a third land slide occurred at Troy on Thursday evening week, a short distance south of the two previous ones. The amount of earth which fell was about half as large as the first slide. There was no injury done to persons or property.

☞ A monomaniac at Pottsville, on Wednesday week, stripped himself entirely, and went up on Young's Hill, expecting to be translated to Heaven. He waited so long, and the weather was so cold, that it was with difficulty a physician could restore him to animation again.

ALIEN SOLDIERS.—The Court of Appeals of Virginia, on the 30th instant, by the unanimous decision of the Judges, settled this much vexed question; so far, at least, as the State of Virginia and her judicial tribunals are concerned, that aliens *may be enlisted*.

☞ Major Payne, the commanding officer at Fort Hamilton, on Governor's Island, has been placed under arrest by General Wool for disobedience of orders—writing letters disrespectful of his superiors, and other unofficer-like conduct.

VALUABLE ARTICLES.—A statement, prepared by the Commissioner of Patents, estimates the products in the United States of fifteen articles only, which were the growth of 1842, at nearly six hundred millions of dollars.

RED RIVER.—It is estimated that over one hundred lives must have been lost on the Red River, by its rise. It is now falling.

FLORIDA BONDS REPUDIATED.—The Legislative Council of Florida, have, by a vote of 22 to 4, passed a preamble and resolution, which declare that the people of Florida are not legally or morally responsible for, nor would they pay, the bonds issued under the authority of a previous Legislative Council, generally known as the faith bonds.

EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.—From a communication from the Department of State, transmitted to Congress, we learn that the whole number of passengers who arrived in the United States from foreign countries during the year 1842, amounted to 110,984—of which 74,014 were in the district of New York.

GEN. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Ex-President of Texas, and Gen. H. McLeod, commander of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition, arrived at New Orleans in the last Galveston packet, on their way to visit their friends in Georgia.

BANKRUPT LAW.—A number of petitions numerously signed, have already been sent to Washington from New York, praying the President to exercise his veto power upon the bill repealing the Bankrupt Law.

THE COTTON CROP of the past year is estimated, from apparently satisfactory data, at from 2,000,000 to 2,350,000 bales; a great increase, but it is conjectured that the consumption has kept pace with the production.

EAST BOSTON.—In 1832, East Boston was uninhabited. It contains now 3304 inhabitants; and during the years 1841-2, the ships, barques, brigs and schooners arrived there to load or unload, numbered 204.

☞ The disease called "Black Tongue" has broken out with great virulence in New Madrid County, Mo., within eight miles of Point Pleasant. Sixty-nine persons has sunk under it in two weeks.

REFUGEES.—On the 1st of January the number of refugees receiving aid from the French government, amounted to 5839 persons; 4274 Poles; 1168 Spanish; 380 Italians; 7 Germans; 1 Portuguese.

☞ The Senate of the Kentucky Legislature have refused to pass the law which the House previously passed, annulling the law prohibiting the introduction of slaves into the State.

☞ Temperance Tea Parties are becoming quite fashionable in Boston. One was given at Faneuil Hall last week, at which from 600 to 800 ladies and gentlemen attended.

☞ A letter dated Fort Towson, says that the Red River has risen about 50 feet. This is truly a wonderful rise—almost unexampled.

☞ Wakefield, the farm in Westmoreland county, Va., on which General Washington was born, is offered for sale.

THE COURT MARTIAL at New York still drags its slow length along without the development of any new facts.

☞ Daniel Webster's dwelling, in Washington city, was entered on Sunday night, and robbed of its plate.

☞ Advices from Canada to the 17th instant, state that the Governor General is out of danger.

☞ A correspondent of the Maine Farmer recommends apples mixed with hay as food for colts.

☞ A Boston paper estimates that there is now in the United States, over $80,000,000 in specie.

☞ The Hibernia, a splendid new steamer of 1350 tons, has been added to the Cunard line.

☞ Nine victims of the Troy disaster, were buried at one funeral, in the Catholic Church.

☞ The tide of emigration to Florida is setting in strongly.

Local Intelligence.

SOUP TO THE POOR.—The Northern Soup Society, in Coates street, above Fourth, has tickets out for the daily supply of twenty-two hundred persons, most of whom avail themselves of this charity. The Society is now reduced in means, and would be glad, through their treasurer, E. Lovick, North Third street, to receive contributions, so as to continue the supplies to those who are in want.

THE LAST OF THE JURY TRIALS.—On Tuesday in the General Sessions all the petit jurors were discharged for the term. Two cases were previously disposed of, which were the last jury trials in the Court of General Sessions. The Court sat on Thursday for arguments, motions, and other miscellaneous business connected with or having reference to its dissolution.

DISTRESS.—There were on Monday, at the Provident Society, eight hundred applications for work—the price paid being only 12½ cents for making a shirt. No stronger proof than this of general distress could be offered.

SEIZED CLOTHS.—The number of pieces of cloths and cassimeres sold by Myers & Claghorn, by order of the United States Marshal, on Monday, was 567; the amount realized from the sale was $21,000.

☞ We understand that the Rev. Mr. Porter, of Southwark, distributed from the 1st of December up to last Saturday, no less than twenty-one hundred quarters of a cord of wood among the poor.

COMMANDER W. McKEAN has been appointed, by the Secretary of the Navy, Governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia, it is said. This is the post recently filled by Commodore Barron.

STATE FENCIBLES BALL.—The annual ball of the State Fencibles, Capt. Page, at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday evening, was like all the fetes of the Fencibles, a splendid affair.

☞ Quite a fall of snow occurred on Tuesday night, in this city and vicinity. This was rather a chilly welcome to Spring; but we shall soon have done with such visitors.

Political Intelligence.

☞ The National Intelligencer, states that the Hon. Henry S. Lane, a Representative in Congress from Indiana, declines being a candidate for re-election. So also does the Hon. Joseph L. White from the same State, and the Hon. William L. Washington, of North Carolina. Hon. Reuel Williams, of Maine, has also resigned his seat, to take effect from the 4th of March, instant.

SOUTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—At the election held last week in South Carolina for Representatives to the next Congress, John Campbell was re-elected without opposition. Robert Barnwell Rhett was re-elected, by a considerable majority over Mr. Trotti, (also now a member, whom the late new apportionment had thrown into the same district with Mr. Rhett.)

☞ The Virginia House of Delegates, by a vote of 67 to 62, has rejected Virginia's share of the Land Fund, exceeding $37,000, which is lying to her credit in the Treasury at Washington. The Alabama Legislature has refused to take her share.

☞ Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of the Charleston District, S. C., has been elected to Congress over J. S. Rhett, his opponent. The election took place on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Both were Democrats.

☞ Monday, the 1st of April next, has been appointed by the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, for the election of members of Congress in the Districts now vacant in that State.

Notices of the Dead.

DEATH OF JUDGE THACHER.—The Boston papers announce the decease of the Hon. Peter Oxenbridge Thacher, Judge of the Municipal Court of that city. He was about 66 years of age. Judge Thacher was born in Malden, and was the son of the Rev. Peter Thacher, D. D. He graduated at Harvard University, in 1796, was appointed by Gov. Brooks, Judge of the Municipal Court, and took his seat on the bench, on the 14th of May, 1823. He was a faithful and energetic magistrate, an elegant writer, and an unwavering friend to good order, and our republican institutions.

THE LATE DR. MITFORD, died at Three-Mile-Cross, Shinfield, England, in the 83d year of his age. His name has, however, become better known to thousands in connexion with the elegant writings of his daughter, the authoress of "Our Village." In Miss Mitford's works, the reader must have observed numerous allusions to her father, and in them will be found at once the most permanent record of his character, and the most touching illustrations of that devoted filial piety which forms the best and the brightest addition to her brilliant literary reputation.

DEATH OF HENRY REMSEN.—The New York Express, in recording the death of Mr. Remsen, says, that the community have lost an old and respected citizen. Mr. Remsen was cashier of the Manhattan Bank at its first organization; then President, a post which he held for many years. He was a Private Secretary to Mr. Jefferson during his residence in New York, while Secretary of State.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Mecker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

The Farmers' Encyclopedia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs, embracing all the recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, adapted to the comprehension of unscientific readers, by Cuthbert W. Johnson. Enlarged, improved and adapted to the United States, by a Practical Farmer, assisted by numerous scientific gentlemen, No. 1, (to be completed in sixteen numbers at 25 cents each,) with beautiful engravings. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The thanks of our country friends are due Messrs. Carey & Hart, the publishers of this important book on Agriculture, for the elegant manner in which it is issued, and the extremely low price at which it is offered. The work will consist of upwards of one thousand closely printed 8vo. pages, printed on good paper in a clear legible type, and illustrated with sixteen beautiful engravings of horses, cattle, sheep, the different kinds of grain, the most valued grasses, the seeds of agriculture, &c. &c.; besides numerous wood cuts of agricultural implements, &c. &c. It will be issued in 16 semi-monthly numbers, at 25 cents each, or four dollars for the entire work. The first number now before us is illustrated by a beautiful engraving of short-horned cattle, which alone is worth the cost of the number.

The value of the English work upon which this is based, is well known to many of our intelligent readers; but from the high price at which it is sold, $14, and containing as it does much matter of local interest, its circulation in this country has been confined to a very narrow sphere, the wealthy or amateur farmer. The editor of the American work, whom we know personally, and whom we believe, from his experience and indefatigable industry, to be fully competent, has not confined himself to his own knowledge, but has availed himself of the experience and knowledge of some of our most successful agriculturists, and culled from the best authorities such material as would render his work most acceptable to that class for whom it is specially designed, the Agriculturists of America.

The work is one which has long been wanted; a work which a farmer may consult on any emergency, and study with profit in his spare moments. It will not be a mere Dictionary of technicalities, but will contain a series of essays, by able hands, on the most important subjects in Agriculture, including the latest information on Agricultural Chemistry, Manures, the Improvement of Cattle, &c. &c.

Tables of Interest and Exchange. *By George Oates.*—The title page of this work expresses its value and uses; and the verdict of practical men has endorsed the truth of its pretensions. In the tables are shown the interest on any sum from $1 to $10,000, at six, seven, and eight per cent. per annum, from one day to ninety-four days, from four months to eleven months, and from one year to six years consecutively, both for three hundred and sixty days, and for three hundred and sixty-five days to a year. Also, the value of Domestic Exchange, for any sum from $1 to $10,000, at any rate of premium or discount, from one-eighth of one per cent. (by one-eighths) to ten per cent.; and how any sum may be invested or absorbed in a bill of exchange, at the same rate of premium and discount. And also the value, in Federal money, of Sterling Exchange, for any sum from £1 to £10,000, at any rate of premium or discount, from one-eighth of one per cent. (by one-eighths) to ten per cent.; and how any sum in Federal money may be invested or absorbed in a sterling bill, at any of these rates of premium and discount.

The book is presented in a compact form, and outside and in seems the proper and acceptable inmate of the counting house. It may be obtained of Messrs. Carey & Hart; Grigg & Elliott; and Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

Temperance Advocate and Literary Repository.—We are pleased to perceive by a notice in a late number of this periodical, that its publication has been transferred by Mr. Levin to Samuel C. Atkinson & Co., No. 40 South Third street, above Chesnut. As the editor of a Temperance Journal, Mr. Levin, who continues to conduct the Advocate, is unexceeded in success. He has the ability to make his paper interesting to all readers, and his caustic and playful wit gives the Advocate an air of sprightliness which is irresistible; while like a skilful general he so disposes the heavy artillery of *facts*, that the sallies of the light troops of *humor* are well followed up. And as to Mr. Atkinson, if we wish to find any body to whom to introduce him as a publisher, we presume it would be necessary to go out of the country to do it; as there can hardly be any person in the United States who is not familiar with his name. Success to the whole concern.

The Book of the Navy.—No. 3 of this work, now publishing by the Appleton's, in the serial form, contains an account of the affair of the Constitution and Guerriere, attention to which has been recently revived by the death of the commander in that engagement. It is a pleasant fact that during Commodore Hull's first visit up the Mediterranean, Captain, now Admiral Dacres, and Commodore Hull, had an earnest encounter of courtesy, and we believe of true friendship, as they once had of warlike strife. But this is not talking about the book, which deserves all that has been said in its recommendation.

Tales and Sketches. *By Nathaniel Greene. Boston: Little & Brown. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a very pleasant volume of translations made by Nathaniel Greene, Esq., late Postmaster of Boston. Mr. Green, in his translations, has the rare and happy faculty of making the matter transferred look and feel as much at home in English as if it had been born and bred there; while it loses none of the spirit of the original, and none of the essential traits which mark its real parentage. In a word, his translations appear like the utterance of foreigners speaking our tongue perfectly.

Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This is a neat edition of Murray's standard work, revised with additions, by Thomas G Bradford. Of the book itself it is almost unnecessary to speak. Containing near 1900 pages, with eleven hundred engravings, and eighty maps, its price has hitherto precluded the extensive circulation which it deserved. Published now in twenty-four semi-monthly parts, at 25 cents each, the mode of payment will be easy, and the circulation large.

Lady's Musical Library. *Edited by Charles Jarvis, Professor of Music.*—The March number of this periodical has been sent us by the publishers, Messrs. Godey & McMichael. It contains the usual pleasant variety of music, recherche and familiar, and is already on its way to delight thousands of firesides. The price of the work is three dollars per annum, and for this sum is furnished what would cost, at the usual prices, nearly fifty dollars!

Martin Chuzzlewit.—The second number of Lea & Blanchard's edition of Martin Chuzzlewit is out. It is printed in monthly numbers, uniform with the former works of Boz, published by the same house, and illustrated. It is the best edition for preservation.

Masterman Ready. *By Captain Marryatt. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is the third and last volume of a very clever book for children and youth. The lessons it inculcates are good, and the events and scenes which it presents are such as can be easily and readily embraced by the mind. In reading Masterman Ready, one almost forgets what course and vile traits of mind the author has exhibited in other volumes.

Serials, &c.—We are indebted to Burgess & Zieber for several of the publications of the current month: Sargent's Magazine, the Artist, the Knickerbocker, the Ladies' Companion, Democratic Review, Blackwood for February, &c. &c. This reminds us to say, that every thing going may be had of our neighbors. The last publication in the novel line is Adam Brown, the Merchant, by Horace Smith. It is an amusing book.

Ure's Dictionary. *Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—Part IV. of the monthly re-issue of the standard work has been laid upon our table. Under the heads of "Arts, Manufactures and Mines," is embraced in convenient shape for reference a fund of information, some portion of which is useful to every man in every situation in life. It is illustrated and explained with over twelve hundred engravings.

The Eclectic, for March, has made its appearance, and is embellished with a mezzotint from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture, the Girl and Flowers. Every number is hereafter to be illustrated with a steel engraving. The Eclectic is edited by J. H. Agnew, and contains an admirable selection of foreign literature, well worthy of the attention of the friends of both the works of which it is an union.

Southern Literary Messenger. *Philadelphia: Burgess & Zieber.*—The February number of this magazine opens with a brief and feeling obituary of its late publisher, T. W. White. The contents are of the usual character of the work—the style of getting up, which has conferred upon it a solid and proud reputation.

Hector O'Halloran, Part X. of the illustrated edition is just published by Appleton. This is a very good story indeed.

The Newgate Calender has been commenced by Wemyss, in parts, at 12½ cents each, and each complete in itself.

Agricultural.

Fruit Trees.—The Chinese have the following plan of propagating fruit trees. Cut a ring of bark about an inch in width, from a bearing branch, surround the place with a ball of fat earth, or loam, bound fast to the branch with a piece of matting: over this suspend a pot or horn with water in it, having a small hole in the bottom just sufficient to let the water drop, in order to keep the earth constantly moist. The branch throws new roots into the earth just above the place where the ring of bark was stripped off. The operation must be performed in the spring, and the limb or branch should be sawed off and planted out at the fall of the leaf the ensuing autumn.

Asparagus.—The gardeners at Nice, improve upon asparagus in the following manner:—Take a quart wine bottle; invert it over the head of a stalk of asparagus just rising from the ground, and secure it by three sticks so that it cannot be knocked over. If left in this state, the asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle, and, being stimulated by the unusual heat and moisture it is then exposed to, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place, the bottle must be broken, and the asparagus removed, when it will be found to have formed a thick head of tender delicate shoots, all eatable, and as compact as a cauliflower.

To Feed Fowls.—Corn given to fowls should be crushed and soaked in water:—this helps digestion; and hens will lay in winter that are so fed that would not otherwise. Feed your fowls in winter with bones powdered fine, and they will need less corn and lay as plentiful as any season of the year. The bones supply the carbonate of lime, which is necessary for the production of the shell, and a part of the yolk of the egg. Egg shells, oyster shells, chalk, or unburnt lime answers a similar purpose.

☞ Delaware, (the smallest State in the Union,) we are inclined to think, "takes the lead" in big pigs—for we learn from the Delaware State Journal that Thos. Mossey, Jr. of Newcastle Hundred, raised one, the past year, that weighed (alive) *twelve hundred pounds!*

Trees.—By felling the trees that cover the tops and sides of mountains, (says Humboldt,) men in every clime prepare at once two calamities for future generations—want of fuel and scarcity of water.

Religious Intelligence.

Pottsville.—The Miner's Journal says:—"A powerful religious excitement is operating in this borough, at the present time. Service is held nightly in all the different churches, and a spirit of revival is making rapid strides among our people. The Methodist Church, under the pastorship of the Rev. Wm. Barnes, has had an accession to the membership of from two to three hundred. The other congregations have also increased in numbers and are still increasing."

☞ Very liberal collections were made on Sunday last, at most of our Protestant Episcopal Churches, in behalf of the Mission Fund. At St. Peter's, the amount raised was between $1200 and $1300.

☞ The Journal of Commerce states that sixty-three persons were baptized in the East River on Sunday, and added to the Norfolk street church, under the charge of the Rev. George Benedict.

Cincinnati.—An Agricultural Society has just been formed in the "Queen City." We are surprised that it has not been done before.

☞ Bishop Griswold, in the course of his life, ordained no less than 126 priests, 171 deacons, and confirmed 12,104 persons.

☞ There has been a cheering revival among the religious societies of Bridgeton, N. J.

Congress News.

In the Senate, on Wednesday February 22d, Mr. Walker's resolutions relative to State debts, were laid upon the table, 27 to 18, on account of the approaching close of the session. The remainder of the day was spent upon the Navy Appropriation Bill.

On Thursday, Feb. 23d, a report adverse, and a minority report favourable, were made upon the subject of the Warehouse System. A report was also made adverse to the bill reducing the number, &c. of the New York Custom House officers. It proposes in lieu of the bill, to pass one limiting the expenses of the Custom House to $368,000 annually, and leaving the details to the proper department.

Mr. Archer brought up the Ashburton Treaty, by reading the following extract from a despatch of Mr. Everett, our Minister in London:

"Parliament was opened by commission yesterday. The Queen's speech and the very interesting debates upon the addresses in the two Houses, will be found in the papers of to-day, which accompany this despatch. I attended the debate in the House of Commons. You can judge of the surprise with which I listened to the remarks of Sir Robert Peel on the alleged fact that Lord Aberdeen's letter to me of the 20th of December, 1841, remained to this day 'unacknowledged and unanswered.' It was acknowledged by me in a note dated two days afterwards, (22d Dec. 1841,) which, however unimportant, was transmitted to Mr. Fox by Lord Aberdeen, and afterwards communicated to Parliament and printed.

"In this note of acknowledgment I informed Lord Aberdeen that I should avail myself of an early opportunity of making some remarks on the very important topics treated in this letter. I pursued this course of an immediate acknowledgment of the receipt of Lord Aberdeen's note, with notice of a purpose of replying in due season to its contents, because, being just arrived at my post, I had not received the instructions which you informed me I might soon expect on this topic, and which, as Lord Aberdeen's note modified the ground and disclaimed the language of his predecessor, it was my duty to await. Such instructions I should, no doubt, in due time have received; but on the 27th of December, Lord Aberdeen informed me that the special mission had been determined on; that Lord Ashburton would go to America, with full power to settle every point in discussion, including what was called the right of search, which he deemed the most difficult; and expressed the opinion that it would hardly be worth while for us to continue the correspondence on matters in dispute between the two countries; and, though he was willing to consider and reply to any statement I might think proper to make on any subject pending the negotiation that might take place at Washington, he supposed no benefit could result from a simultaneous discussion here.

"Such were Lord Aberdeen's observations, as reported by me in my despatch of December, 31.

"The negotiation took place, and a mode of dealing with and settling the question was happily agreed upon, which made it unnecessary to resume the discussion so long continued upon the subject. In fact, from the moment the special mission was announced, I considered the discussion as at an end, and so little to be resumed in reference to search and visitation as the Boundary or the 'Caroline.'"

(By referring to last week's Saturday Post, a report of the speech of Sir Robert Peel will be found.)

The reading of the above despatch being in a manner informal, no direct question could be taken upon it. But when the Navy Appropriation Bill came up, Mr. Benton attacked the Ashburton Treaty, by moving the striking out of the appropriation for an African Squadron, inserted in pursuance of the treaty. Mr. Archer observed that Great Britain had never relinquished the right of *visit*. On this point Sir Robert Peel spoke correctly. But the right of search had been abandoned, and there was no probability that it would be exercised. Mr. Benton responded, and the substance of his remarks is thus given by one of the letter writers:

"He declared that he would not discuss the question as one of maritime law. The only matter which he would consider was the Treaty. The two parties to it construed it differently. Which of them was right? This was a question involving, perhaps, peace or war, and the sooner both parties would take a stand the better. He desired, before any measures for executing the treaty were adopted, this question should be settled. As a practical one, one of principle and interest, and involving a momentous issue, it ought to be settled. He understood the treaty of 1842 to concede both the right of search and of visitation with our vessels. Such was the view taken of the matter by the President in his message. But Sir Robert Peel made the distinction between the right of search and visitation. Mr. Benton was anxious to know what course the President intended to pursue, and meanwhile the Senate must wait."

Mr. Buchanan had the same understanding of the Treaty as Mr. Benton. Mr. Henderson also conceded with Mr. B. Mr. Archer maintained that the two governments put the same construction on the treaty, and that the difference which Senators endeavored to point out did not exist. "Great Britain," he said, "having long contended for the right of visitation and search, abandoned the latter by the treaty and would not exercise the former." Mr. Allen followed in a fiery speech, and Mr. Evans on the other hand deprecated the loss of time by an unseasonable debate. Mr. Calhoun followed:

"He considered the debate premature, the Senate not having sufficient information upon the subject. Mr. Calhoun read extracts from Sir Robert Peel's speech, to show that the expressions attributed to him were susceptible of different constructions. Mr. C. contended that by executing the treaty we should only carry out our principles when we declare the slave trade to be piracy. He did not believe that Great Britain would violate her good faith. And he asked if we should do so by violating all the forms of natural law and custom, by resisting the execution of the treaty."

Several other gentlemen spoke, and the debate was at length concluded, by the rejection of Mr. Benton's amendment, and the passage of the bill.

On Friday, Feb. 24th, the subject was called up again by a resolution of Mr. Benton calling for correspondence relative to it. [The resolution was passed on Saturday.] A communication was received from the President covering certain documents relative to the Quintuple Treaty. The Bankrupt Repeal Bill was for a short time debated. A report was received from the Committee of Conference upon the single point in the Army Bill, (in relation to West Point) in dispute between the two Houses. The Committee recommend adherence to the Senate amendment, in which, of course, the Senate concurred.

On Saturday, Feb. 25th, all attempts to save the Bankrupt Bill by amendment were lost, and the House Repeal Bill was passed, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Archer, Bagby, Bayard, Buchanan, Calhoun, Crafts, Crittenden, Cuthbert, Dayton, Fulton, Graham, Huntington, King, Linn, McDuffie, McRoberts, Mangum, Merrick, Morehead, Phelps, Rives, Sevier, Sprague, Sturgeon, Tappan, Walker, Wilcox, Williams, Woodbury, Wright, and Young—33.

Nays—Messrs. Barrow, Bates, Berrien, Clayton, Choate, Evans, Kerr, Miller, Porter, Smith, of Indiana, Tallmadge, White, and Woodbridge—13.

The Retrenchment Bill was reported to the Senate by Mr. Morehead, Chairman of the Committee on Retrenchment. The reduction in the pay and mileage of members, adopted by the Senate committee, is 12½ per cent. The same rate of reduction is, we understand, applied to the salaries of all officers of the army and navy, and civil department, above $1200.

House.—Wednesday, Feb. 22d. Mr. Adams moved to suspend the rules, to enable him to present a petition. Refused, 100 to 80. A resolution was offered by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, and adopted, calling for correspondence relative to the Treaty of Washington. The Navy Pension Bill and the Indian Appropriation Bill were passed, as also the Bill making appropriations for fortifications. Several Executive communications were received and referred, and, among them, one in answer to a call of the House for the authority of Capt. Thos. Ap C. Jones in invading the territory of Mexico. The Executive disclaimed all countenance of the act, and said Capt. J. had been recalled therefor; he also sent all letters and papers which were pertinent to the subject. They were ordered to be printed, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Thursday, Feb. 23d.—A bill to establish a National Foundry was read twice and referred to Committee of the Whole. A Bill appropriating $30,000 to test the system of Electro-magnetic Telegraphs, was passed.

The unfinished business was then taken up, being Mr. J. R. Ingersoll's motion to print 10,000 copies of his Report, and Mr. Pope spoke at large on the subject of the proposed loan and the State debts.

The House then resolved into Committee of the Whole, and discussed the Bill making appropriations for various improvements of harbors, etc. After the debate, which was protracted, a great number of amendments were rejected, and the Bill was finally laid on the table. The House then adjourned at a late hour.

Friday, Feb. 24th.—The Bill making appropriations for certain harbors, and for the Cumberland Road, was laid on the table, yeas 107 nays 87. The Bill to suspend, for a limited time, so much of the Appropriation Bill as relates to the election of Representatives by Districts was rejected, yeas 90, nays 91. A motion to re-consider was lost, yeas 93, nays 100. The Bill relative to the taking of testimony in the case of contested elections, amended so as to restore it to its original shape, as introduced at the last session, was passed, yeas 105, nays 82.

The General Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and occupied the House during Friday and Saturday.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 27.—The whole day, or nearly the whole was spent in debating a bill to authorise the printing of the reports of the debates of Congress; and the Senate went into executive session without determining the question.

In the House, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was debated in Committee of the Whole till a late hour, when it was reported to the House, with amendments. A message was received from the President, which with the accompanying papers, was ordered printed. [The Message will be found in another column.]

In Senate Feb 28, House Bills were reported—for the re-issue of Treasury notes; to appropriate forty thousand dollars for a mission to China.

The bill to amend the laws respecting imprisonment for debt in the District of Columbia, was passed. This bill makes provision for the relief of Amos Kendall.

The bill to reduce the rates of postage to five and ten cents upon each letter, ten cents to be the greatest rate of postage for all distances above thirty miles, was taken up, and several amendments adopted.

The Fortification Bill from the House was amended, and ordered to be engrossed.

The Naval Pension Bill was passed with an amendment.

The bill to limit and reduce the franking privilege was laid on the table.

The bill from the House to provide for carrying into effect the Treaty of Washington was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

In the House, a large number of bills from the Senate were read twice and referred.

Mr. Kennedy, of Md., from the Committee on Commerce, made a report on the subject of memorials which had been referred to it from a general convention of the friends of African colonization, concluding with joint resolutions to appoint an agent to proceed to Africa, empowered to form treaties or conventions with the native tribes for the advancement of American Commerce, and the suppression of the slave trade—and that the Secretary of State report thereon at the next session. After some conversation the usual number of copies were ordered printed.

The Army Bill was settled by the report of a Committee of Conference, and sent to the President for his signature.

The Bill to carry the Washington Treaty into effect was passed.

The Civil and Diplomatic Association Bill was taken out of Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Adams, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, asked to be discharged from the further consideration of Texas to the United States, and, as an individual member of the Committee, submitted two resolutions against the annexation of Texas. The resolutions, objections being made, were not received.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

According to the laudable custom of the Legislature of this State, the 22d, the birth day of the Father of his Country, was kept as a holiday. The farewell of Washington to his countrymen was read, and no business was transacted.

In Senate, Feb. 23d, a communication relative to pardons was received from the Secretary of the Commonwealth. [This is noticed in another place.] The question of printing the Governor's Veto Message on the Apportionment Bill was debated, and, the number being reduced to 500, was at length passed.

Mr. Ewing introduced a resolution favorable to the repeal of all laws relating to fugitive slaves; which was laid on the table.

A resolution passed two readings in favor of adjourning on the 20th of March, and was sent to the House.

The bill to suspend appropriations to colleges, academies, and female seminaries, came up, and was debated until the close of the morning session.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in discussing the bill to remove the Seat of Justice of Columbia County from Danville to Bloomsburg, which was finally negatived by a vote of 24 to 8.

Friday, Feb. 24, a bill was introduced by Mr. McCully to legalize certain proceedings of the borough authorities of West Philadelphia.

The Nicholson Court Bill; was returned to the House with new amendments.

The bill to withdraw for five years the appropriations to college, academies and female seminaries was discussed the remainder of the day.

Saturday, Feb. 25.—Bills were introduced to extend the auction laws to Berks and Fayette.

Mr. Headley reported a bill to apportion the State into Senatorial and Representative districts. It gives Philadelphia city two Senators and four members; Philadelphia county three Senators and eight members.

Mr. Penniman offered a preamble and resolution, setting forth that a resolution had passed the Senate some time since, calling on the Clerk of the Court of General Sessions for certain information relative to *nolle prosequis*, and that the said Clerk had disregarded it, and requesting the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas to make an order upon said Clerk, directing him to comply with the resolution. The resolution was adopted.

The bill to erect a new county out of parts of Columbia and Luzerne, was debated about an hour on final reading, and then referred to a Select Committee.

On motion of W. Wilcox, the Senate agreed to meet afternoons, on Monday, Tuesday and Friday.

The bill to withdraw the appropriations from Colleges, Academies, and Female Seminaries for five years, was next taken up, and discussed until the hour of adjournment.

In the House, Thursday, Feb. 23.—On motion of Mr. Sharswood, who presented a petition for the impeachment of the Governor, the Committee on that subject was required to make a report by Monday next.

Mr. Rockhill submitted the following, which was laid on the table:—

"Whereas, The State Treasurer has informed the House, in a communication dated the 11th instant, that he is at a loss to know the true intent and meaning of a joint resolution passed the 6th day of February, 1843; and also that he has now in his hand the sum of $60,313 27, which he has received from the General Government, as agent appointed by the State to receive her share of the proceeds of sales of the Public Lands—Therefore,

Be it Resolved, &c., That so much of a joint resolution, passed the 6th day of February, 1843, as directs the State Treasurer to retain and hand over to the Auditor General to be cancelled, on the last day of every month, $100,000 of the Relief notes which may remain in the Treasury, shall be so construed as to require that at the end of each month $100,000 of said notes be cancelled; provided such sum remain in the Treasury after the payment of the ordinary appropriations. And the State Treasurer is hereby directed to place the sum of $60,313 27, (now in his hands as agent,) in the Treasury of the State, subject to ordinary appropriations."

Messrs. Linton and Hinchman introduced Apportionment Bills for Congressmen.

Mr. Barrett (Judiciary) reported adverse to the petition asking for a change in the Constitution so that no difference may be made among men, politically, on account of color.

The Nicholson Court Bill—to abolish the Court and the Board of Commissioners—passed, with amendments.

Mr. James introduced a bill to prevent by severe penalties, suspension of specie payments.

Friday, Feb. 24.—The vetoed Apportionment Bill was then taken up and debated until one o'clock, by Messrs. Morris, Hancock, McDaniels, Hood, Sharswood and Roumfort, against the veto and in favor of the bill; and by Messrs. Elwell, Lowry, Kerns, James, and Brawley, in support of the veto.

In the afternoon a bill to incorporate a company to take charge of and keep the Erie Canal for twenty years, provided they will finish it, was passed through Committee of the Whole, and went as far as the 10th section on second reading, when the House adjourned.

Saturday, Feb. 25.—The Veto Message was taken up directly after the reading of the journal, and the discussion commenced yesterday was continued by Messrs. Roumfort, Tustin and Hancock, in favor of the bill, and by Mr. Lowry, and others, in support of the veto. The question being taken on the bill, it was lost—yeas 40, nays 41. All the members from the County voted for the bill, except Mr. McGowan.

Mr. Sharswood introduced a resolution providing that in the annual appropriation bill the different purposes for which money is appropriated shall be specified, which was adopted.

A joint resolution in favor of allowing the citizens of Philadelphia to vote for all their County officers on one ticket—passed. The measure came from Mr. Tustin.

Mr. Hinchman introduced a bill to authorise the Mayor and Aldermen of Philadelphia to carry into effect certain trusts relating to wharves in the River Delaware. Also, an act concerning auctions.

Mr. Deford introduced one to regulate the selling and vending of merchandise. Several private bills were reported.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 27.—The bill to erect a new district in Penn Township was reported as it passed the House. The bill to provide for the settlement of the interest on the public debt was finally passed and sent to the Governor.

The Auditor General was requested to inform the Senate what amount of defalcations there have been by Public Officers within the last ten years; the names of the defaulters, &c.

The bill to suspend appropriations to Colleges, Academies and female Seminaries, was referred to the Committee on Education.

The bill to modify the act of last session, abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, passed Committee of the Whole, and was then referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The bill providing for the construction of an outlet Lock near Black Eddy on the Delaware Canal, occupied the remainder of the morning session. It is on second reading.

In the House.—Among the petitions was one from ladies of Green county, asking that a tax may be laid upon bachelors.

Several resolutions were offered in relation to the cancelling the relief notes, lessening the monthly amount, or postponing the operation; but the House refused to consider them.

Mr. Hancock read in his place, better to secure the collection of recognizances in the county of Philadelphia, and the same was referred to the Judiciary.

On motion of Mr. Tustin, the House took up and passed finally a bill requiring Constables in the county of Philadelphia, to serve notices on the retailers of merchandise of the amount at which they are rated, together with the time and place of holding the appeals.

Mr. Skinner submitted a joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide that when a bill has been vetoed by the Governor, the same shall become a law, if passed afterwards by a majority of both Houses. Laid on the table.

The Erie Canal bill was then resumed on second reading, and debated until the time of adjournment, without making any further progress in it.

In Senate, Tuesday, Feb. 28, the bill to authorise the construction of an outlet lock at Black's Eddy, was taken up and debated at great length by Messrs. Kidder, Gibbons and Darsie in the affirmative, and Mr. Crabb in the negative, until near the close of the morning session, when it was laid over until to-morrow.

A bill to legalize certain proceedings of the borough authorities of West Philadelphia, was debated some time, and finally referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

In the House, a bill providing for the following apportionment of Representatives passed a second reading, 59 to 36. It is thought that it will also pass the Senate.

1st—Southwark, Moyamensing, Passyunk, Kingsessing, Blockley, and West Philadelphia, of the County, and Cedar Ward, of the City of Philadelphia.

2d—The City of Philadelphia, except Cedar and Upper Delaware Wards.

3d—Northern Liberties, and Spring Garden, of the County, and Upper Delaware Ward of the City.

4th—Kensington, and the balance of the County of Philadelphia.

5th—Delaware and Montgomery.

6th—Bucks and Lehigh.

7th—Chester County.

8th—Lancaster County.

9th—Berks County.

10th—Northampton, Monroe, Pike and Wayne.

11th—Columbia, Luzerne and Wyoming.

12th—Bradford, Susquehanna and Tioga.

13th—Lycoming, Northumberland, Union and Clinton.

14th—Dauphin, Lebanon and Schuylkill.

15th—Adams and York.

16th—Cumberland, Perry and Franklin.

17th—Centre, Juniata and Huntingdon.

18th—Greene, Fayette and Somerset.

19th—Westmoreland, Bedford and Cambria.

20th—Washington and Beaver.

21st—Allegheny county.

22d—Venango, Mercer and Crawford.

23d—Erie, Warren, McKean, Potter and Jefferson.

24th—Butler, Armstrong, Clarion and Indiana.

A committee of conference was appointed on the part of both Houses to reconcile the differences about the interest bill.

Jaundice is generally accompanied with languor and inactivity, a kind of itching or pricking pain over the whole body, difficulty of breathing, a bitter taste in the mouth, loathing of food, sickness of the stomach, flatulency, furred tongue, heartburn, distension of the stomach and bowels, costiveness, and other symptoms of indigestion.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills (Indian Purgative) are always certain to remove the above unpleasant symptoms, and will, in all cases, if persevered with, make a perfect cure of Jaundice; because they carry off by the stomach and bowels the superabundance of bile; which, when interrupted in its downward passage, and taken into the circulation, is diffused through the whole system, giving a deep yellow color to the skin and eyes, and deranging all the functions of the body.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found also to aid and improve digestion and purify the blood, and therefore will not only make a radical cure of Jaundice, but will at the same time give new life and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits. The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, *are not the genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that all who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, number 169, RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198, Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. Isaac P. Cook, No. 64 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

Sand's Sarsaparilla—Scrofula.—Other diseases have slain their thousands, but Scrofula has slain its tens of thousands. This very alarming affection appears under a great variety of forms, from the slightest deviation from health to the most fatal of local and general diseases. One of its most common forms is tubercular phthisis pulmonalis, or consumption of the lungs; diseases of the hip and knee joint, and white swelling; also the glands of the neck and other parts of the body. Experience has shown that Sand's Sarsaparilla is a cure for the most inveterate complaint, and in numerous instances it has brought returning health and life where the vital spark had almost fled. From its preparation and peculiar combination with other vegetable substances, it operates by removing, in the first place, unhealthy action from diseased organs, substituting healthy action in its place, giving tone to the general energies of the system.

For particulars of its curative powers, see different advertisements in the daily papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

Important Work.—The Improvements in Agriculture, Arts, &c., of the United States, as set forth luminously and at length in the recent Report of Hon. W. H. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, will speedily be published at the office of the New York Tribune, in a neat and convenient book, of 96 octavo pages, with double columns. It is one of the most valuable and instructive Public Documents ever published, and should be in the hands of *every man in the Union.* The price will be 25 cents by the single copy, or $1 for five. Orders accompanied by the cash, are solicited from Post-masters, Newsmen, Booksellers, and others. Address Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Office, New York.

HEAR THE WORDS OF THE PREACHER.

Haddonfield, N. J., Feb. 12th, 1841.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir: I take great pleasure of informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness, by combing the hair on the side over it. But now, after using a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had.

C. C. PARK.

Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South Third Street, Philadelphia, and 305 Broadway, New York.

The whole world should know it, That Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is a *certain cure for Asthma*, and that for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, and every other disease of the Lungs or Throat it is sure to produce the most decided benefit. It is recommended by thousands, who have tried it, and all say that it is the best remedy, without any exception, for all Pulmonary Diseases that has ever been known, for it always gives relief, and cures when every other means have failed.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 south Third street, Philadelphia, and No. 305 Broadway, New York. Price $1 per bottle.

Travels in the West.—Oregon and the Rocky Mountains; a full, clear, graphic and authentic account of the Far West, by Thomas J. Farnham, a recent Traveller to and Sojourner on the Banks of the Columbia River—will be published in a few days by GREELEY & McELRATH, in a Mammoth Extra Tribune of 96 large double column octavo pages, on new and beautiful type. Price 25 cents—5 copies for $1. Orders from Newsmen, Booksellers, Postmasters and others are respectfully solicited. All orders must be accompanied by the cash, and addressed to Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Office, New York.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
185 shares United States Bank.	2
107 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	9¾
50 do. Girard Bank.	1¾
46 do. Kentucky Bank.	47a48
37 do. Far. & Mechanics Bank.	25a25½
33 do. Man. & Mec. Bank.	11a11½
13 do. Northern Bank. Ky.	63½
$1000 Kentucky 6 per cent. Bonds.	84½
$6500 U. States 6 per cent. Loan, 1862.	104
$950 Lehigh Mortgage Loan.	45
$3000 Cincin. Water Works, 6 per cent. Bonds.	81
$2000 Tenn. 5 per ct. Bonds.	68½
$28,000 Pennsylvania 5's, 1864.	40
$850 County 6's, 1870.	90
$500 Penna. 5's, 1858.	41
$1500 City 5's, 1866.	90½
$500 do. 1863.	94½
$1700 Lehigh 6's, 1845.	43
$3000 U. States 5½'s, 1844.	100
$470 Wilmington R. R., 6's, 1858.	62½
$2000 U. States 5½ per cents.	100

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks—Part of the fleet of vessels detained for some time past in the Delaware river between this city and the Breakwater, have come up, and are now discharging. The stocks being increased there has been an increased activity in the market, particularly for Sugar and Molasses.

Bark—A sale of first quality No. 1. Quercitron, has been made at $30 per ton—which is a farther decline on previous sales.

Coffee—Stock light and prices firm—Sales of 800 bags Laguayra at 8¾ cts per lb.

Cotton—There has been more activity in the Cotton market since the receipt of the late foreign advices. Further sales of Upland at 7a7¼, and Alabama at 6 cts per lb, on time.

Provisions—The operations in Beef and Pork have been limited; Mess Pork at $9 and Prime at $7 per bbl. Sales of Western No. 1 Lard at 6a6½ cts per lb.

Salt—A cargo of Turks Island was sold at about 27 cts per bushel.

Seeds—Further sales of fair Cloverseed at $3,30a3,38 per bushel. Flaxseed $1,35.

Sugars—The supplies have been large and the demand quite animated at full last week's prices. Upwards of 500 hhds and 275 tcs New Orleans have been sold at 4¾ to 5¼ cts for common to fair quality, and clarified at 7¼ to 8¼ cts; a cargo of 130 hhds new crop Porto Rico from Mayaguez, at from 6¼ to 7¼ cts, all 4 mos.

Whiskey—Market bare of bbls—Sales in hhds at 17 cts.—*North American.*

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Cattle—806 beeves in market, 54 of which was from Virginia. Sales were effected at $4¼a5½; extra sold at 5¾a6—487 went to New York, 266 were bought at Thompson's drove yard, at 5¼a5¼, by weight. 226 Cows and Calves. Sales were effected—$16, 19, and 23; extra, $29a$35. Springers, $13a$19. Dry Cows, $4a$14. Calves on the Delaware from New Jersey, 3¼a4½. 2367 Sheep in market. Sales $1.25 a $2.25; extra $4a$6. Sales by cwt., at 3a3¾ cts per lb. 638 Hogs in market, 253 of which were western. Sales were made at 3¾, 4, and 4¼; 100 left over, for which 3¾ was offered.

New York, Feb. 27.—At market 950 head of fresh beef cattle, of which 865 were from the south and west, 100 cows and calves, and 600 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle ranged from $4 to $6.50, with occasional sales of extra at $6,75—average $5,50. Left over 250 head. Cows and Calves—Sales of 90 at $18, $23 to $30. Sheep and Lambs—All but 100 taken at $1,25a$3 to $2,50a$4,50.

Boston.—At market, 690 beef cattle, 10 cows and calves, and 2000 sheep. 100 beef cattle unsold. Prices—Beef cattle—Last week's prices were not sustained; a few extra at $5. First quality $4,50a$4,75; second quality $4a$4,25; third quality $3,50a$4. Cows and calves—Sales from $15 to $35. Sales were made from $2,50 to $2,75. Swine—None at market.

Baltimore, Feb. 27.—Cattle—The offering of beef cattle amounted to 400 head. Sales of 360 at from $4a5.50 net.

Trade and Business.

At *New York*, after the arrival of the Acadia, cotton fell off about ¼ a cent per pound. The market for canal flour was dull at $4½; Ohio and Michigan $4¼a$4⅜; Richmond city mills $6½; New Orleans $4¼; other southern flour $4 to $4½; wheat $3 to $5; rye 56 to 57; corn 46 to 47; oats 27 to 31.

At *Baltimore*, the price of Howard street flour ranged from $3¾ to $3⅞; city mills $3¾; wheat 70 to 78; corn 42 to 45; rye 53; oats 21½; timothy $1¾ to $2; cloverseed $3¼ to $3¾; whiskey 18 to 19 cts. The provision market is dull.

At *Richmond*, on the 23d ult., canal flour was selling at $3¾; city mills $5; wheat 60 to 80 cts; corn 45 to 50; oats 30. Tobacco, new lugs, $2¼a$2¾; leaf, common, 3a3¾; middling 4a4½; good 4¾a5½; fine 5¾a7¾; extra hogsheads for manufacturing $9½a11¾; old lugs $2¼a3; leaf, common, 3¼a4; middling 4¼a5; good 5¼a6; fine 6¼a10, as in quality. Cloverseed $4¼ to $4½.

Pittsburg, Feb. 24.—Flour is 12½ cents higher; sales having been readily made at $2,62½ from wagons and $2,75a3 from stores. Grain—Wheat sells at 50, and corn 30a32 cts per bushel. Seeds—Sales of cloverseed at $3, and flaxseed at 75 cts per bushel. Provisions—Bacon sells at 3¼a3½ cts for hog round from wagons, and city cured 4 cts per lb.

At *New Orleans*, on the 18th ult., and for the three previous days, there was a slight decline both in business and in prices, with the exception of cotton, which was quite active at former prices. Sugar was in fair request at from 3¼ to 5 cts. Havana brown 6 to 6½; white 9½, to 10½; molasses 12½; tobacco very dull; flour $3 to $3½; whiskey 16½ to 17; corn 26 to 28; oats 15 to 16; the receipt of pork is on the increase; the supply of beef is also large.

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the U. S. S. Post from the 3d to the 18th Feb.

February 3, received from			
N. S. Eddy	21 00	Dr. Cornelius	5 00
A. Taylor	2 00	J. H. Allen	7 00
Z. Worley	2 00	A. S. French	10 00
L. Phelps	1 00	J. Kevill	12 00
C. W. Kellum	2 00	H. Kessel	2 00
Davenport & Bellups	4 00	E. E. Miller	2 00
J. P. Brown	5 00	J. Gamby	5 00
February 4.			
N. Suppins	1 00	S. Gilbert	1 00
J. M. Gill	5 00	J. Clark	2 00
T. F. Potter	5 00	B. Curtis	10 00
T. Colf	2 00	Dr. Calvin	7 00
W. Stewart	2 00	S. A. B. Tuffts	1 50
T. G. Fenner	2 00	J. A. Broomal	1 25
J. Harper	2 00	P. Marshall	2 00
E. Steel	2 00	J. Shearer	2 00
J. D. Mix	2 00	W. S. Cook	1 00
S. Fowler	2 00	J. Duell	1 00
February 6.			
B. Bryson	15 00	S. Pratt	20 00
C. Johnson	2 00	A. Truesdale	1 00
J. McBride	1 50	H. Folsom	2 00
W. Stafford	10 50	O. D. Green	10 00
J. Himes	1 00	J. Cook	10 00
C. W. Royer	20 00	Langley, Prince & Smith	5 00
F. Black	4 00	W. Dobson	2 00
J. Tomlin	5 00	J. Wright	2 00
S. Buck	2 00	T. Abbott	2 00
E. J. Vaughan	5 00	W. G. Hoyl	2 00
C. Deal	10 00	W. C. Cardwell	2 00
Dr. G. L. D. Rice	2 00		
February 7.			
J. Bingaman	2 00	W. J. Walker	2 00
D. Moore	2 00	C. W. Montague	2 00
Donkey & Bertolet	1 25	C. R. Hoober	5 00
J. Burton	10 00	W. S. Earnest	2 00
D. Lockwood	5 25	A. Hiles	2 00
D. F. Budley	2 00	J. Light	2 00
B. Corban	10 00	G. F. Doughton	15 00
February 8.			
E. Nicholson	1 50	Rev. T. L. Hoffedetz	2 00
E. Green	2 00	H. Kaine	10 00
Miss M. Brevard	2 00	W. H. Bowman	3 00
T. S. Davison	4 00	G. Mosher	1 00
C. M. Wilson	6 00	Rev. G. Mandeville	2 00
W. P. Prather	2 00	C. Simons	2 00
G. McFadden	20 00	Mrs. H. A. Clapp	2 00
A. Titteringon	2 00	J. N. Bishop	5 00
T. Chesnut	2 00	T. S. Browning	5 00
Sharp & Loper	4 00		
February 9.			
W. H. Ryerse	2 00	W. S. Handrich	2 00
B. Monson	2 50	T. A. Williams	2 00
J. Johnson	2 00	C. J. Bruner	1 00
Rev. U. C. Tigner	2 00	Dr. E. Loftwich	2 00
D. Choat	1 00	T. K. Jaggard	2 00
C. V. Bosworth	1 00	Miss E. Lisle	2 00
J. Gemmill	3 00	W. Lewis	2 00
G. G. Claiborn	1 50	M. Avise	2 00
February 10.			
T. Clyde, Jr.	5 00	J. A. Hall	5 00
A. Allerton	2 00	E. R. Nicholson	5 00
C. Barnard	2 00	E. Collings	2 00
Miss S. Hann	1 00	G. W. Lee	5 00
J. A. Moran	2 00	R. C. Brown	10 00
R. T. Beeth	13 05	A. Northrop	2 00
F. Lewis	10 00	J. Kyle	2 00
G. W. Mathews	5 00	W. D. Williams	5 00
W. T. Colborn	2 00	S. Wolf	2 00
J. W. Hall	5 00	S. A. Woods	7 00
W. R. Jackson	3 00	B. Midgett	4 00
Johnson & Conkey	3 00	J. H. Bagwell	2 00
Rockwell & Birchard	5 00	S. C. Allen	5 00
J. Spalding	2 00		
February 11.			
G. Kay	2 00	Mrs. M. E. Day	2 00
W. Douglass	5 00	J. Waldo	2 00
H. Ives	2 00	J. M. Thomas	2 00
D. C. Goldsmith	5 00	S. G. Davis	2 00
J. D. Perkins	10 00	W. W. Freeborn	2 00
W. Sebastian	20 00	C. J. Burnett	2 00
E. H. Gaston	5 00	J. B. Hess	2 00
G. Griest	2 00	W. W. Whitehead	2 00
Mrs. Robinson	1 00	B. Johnson	1 00
T. L. Cathcart	15 50	C. Brooke	2 00
Dr. B. R. Erwin	5 00	S. B. Caldwell	1 00
Dr. R. Crawford	2 00		
February 13.			
Rev. J. B. Dales	2 00	S. Weaver	16 00
C. Taylor	1 00	C. Hazard	2 00
Mrs. Brown	2 00	Dr. J. Young	1 00
J. C. Jones	2 00	W. Wilson	2 00
T. Severs	2 25	J. Allston	2 00
J. Dowse	2 00	J. Burton	5 00
J. S. Henley	2 00	F. Poets	2 00
J. E. Cole	2 00	Hon. S. Waterman	2 00
J. Albertson	2 00	R. P. White	5 00
S. Collins	4 00	J. W. Boley	5 00
R. C. Allen	2 00	S. Pratt	5 00
A. Johnson	2 00	W. W. Gray	2 00
N. D. Smith	2 00	J. L. Lover	2 00
S. Lillard	2 00	G. L. Williams	2 00
T. Truston	2 00	J. T. Howard	2 00
A. Robbins	2 00	W. Wilson	2 00
L. F. Phinney	2 00	H. S. Wilson	2 00
H. A. Chapin	5 00	C. Porter	2 00
J. J. Gray	2 00	A. R. Overshine	2 00
W. Crouch	2 00	J. Q. A. Young	10 00
B. S. Harris	2 00	C. T. Loveley	10 00
February 14.			
G. R. Barrett	2 00	A. J. Fisher	1 00
W. L. Hoppock	10 00	A. Woodward	2 00
J. H. Act	2 00	E. McKee	2 00
E. Humbert	2 00	C. A. Thacher	2 00
A. S. Crewit	2 00	J. J. Burch	2 00
N. Swan	2 00	E. L. Souther	5 00
G. Gough	7 00	N. Sewell	2 00
N. G. Frazier	2 00	J. H. Nesmith	10 00
J. F. Smith	2 00	J. Miller	2 00
J. Rhoads	1 00	W. M. Comsey	2 00
February 15.			
H. W. Tracy	5 00	W. M. King	5 00
J. G. Gordon	8 00	J. Richardson	2 00
H. Edwards	1 00	S. Smith	2 00
R. Drake	10 00	W. S. Mitchell	20 00
A. Bryant	1 00	B. Mead	2 00
A. J. Gray	2 00	J. McNeill	2 00
W. Burdick	2 00	J. A. Warner	2 00
J. Eacas	4 75	W. Gould	2 00
W. Johnson	2 00	S. Cox	2 00
S. Johnson	2 00		
February 16.			
J. Hemphill	5 00	J. T. & W. B. Murrill	4 00
G. W. McCormack	2 00	C. Wallace	2 00
J. M. Nelson	10 00	Z. Williamson	2 00
A. Sessions	2 00	W. A. Pierce, agt.	20 00
J. Gilbert	1 00	B. Griffith	5 00
J. H. Dubose	2 00	Miss Lewis	2 00
D. Carson	1 00	W. McCreary	2 00
Munday & Moore	4 00	B. Costello	7 00
B. Irish	2 00	W. Stauffer	2 00
February 17.			
B. C. Smith	2 00	W. S. Bedford	2 00
G. Fiske	1 00	M. Nogh	2 00
J. S. King	10 00	J. McClarkin	2 00
W. Horney	2 00	D. B. Gillett	2 00
J. Pyle	2 00	G. W. Chapman	6 00
J. Prevost	5 00	E. G. A. Baker	4 00
W. W. Carothers	5 00	J. Showaker	2 00
J. Anderson	2 00	J. Healy	2 00
Trener & Morton	5 00	T. Child	2 00
S. S. Getty	2 00		
February 18.			
J. Byerly	2 00	J. Dodge	10 00
T. J. Baker	1 25	H. B. McLaughlin	5 00
C. J. Moncheet	1 00	W. P. Cooly	2 00
C. Thomas	2 00	M. Plummer	2 00
Mrs. S. Roberts	2 00	E. L. Williams	2 00
J. Clark	2 00	J. Groist	1 00
Berryman & Co.	15 00	S. Simmons	3 00
N. H. Hunt	1 00	Dr. Swayne	8 33
W. Taylor	2 00	T. Kerr	8 82

HEALTH OFFICE, FEBRUARY 25, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 18th to the 25th of February.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	23	19
Aneurism,	1	0	Hemorrhage from Lungs,	1	0
Burns,	0	1	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	4
Casualty,	1	0	——Bronchi,	0	6
Caries,	1	0	——Lungs,	1	1
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	——Stomach and Bowels,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	1	——Bowels,	2	2
Convulsions,	0	2	——Breast,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0	——Heart,	1	0
——Head,	0	4	——Spleen,	0	1
——Breast,	2	0	——Throat,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	1	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
——Stomach,	0	1	Malformation of Heart,	0	1
Dysentery,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
Debility,	0	2	Palsy,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	0	1	Scrofula,	0	1
Effusion of Brain,	1	0	Small Pox,	1	1
Fever, Puerperal,	1	0	Still Born,	0	7
——Remittent,	1	0	Unknown,	0	1
——Scarlet,	0	5	Whooping Cough,	0	2
Carried over,	23	19	Total, 84——37		47

Of the above there were 10 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 9 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Feb. 19,	28	34	34
20,	25	40	29
21,	26	35	35
22,	34	39	36
23,	28	36	34
24,	25	30	30
25,	30	37	44

ALMANAC.

March 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
4 Saturday,	6 22	5 38	4 2	
5 Sunday,	6 20	5 40	4 46	D. H. M.
6 Monday,	6 19	5 41	5 29	
7 Tuesday,	6 18	5 42	6 23	New 1 12 49
8 Wednes.	6 17	5 43	7 13	First 9 4 39
9 Thursday,	6 15	5 45	8 6	Full 16 12 49
10 Friday,	6 14	5 46	9 3	L'st 23 5 29
11 Saturday,	6 12	5 48	9 59	New 30 6 43

Married,

On the 28th of Sept. 1842, by the Rev. Mr. Hanly, Mr. Ephraim C. Scot, of Burlington co., N. J. to Miss Lucy A. Haywood, of Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 7th ult. by Rev. Joel Haywood, Mr. Israel Sprague, to Miss Emeline Scot, of Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. James Pharo, to Miss Elizabeth Nale, all of Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Odenheimer, Capt. John Powers, to Miss Sarah A. White, all of this city.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. F. Ketchum, Mr. David Gutchall, to Miss Mary A. Tare, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Kyle, Jas. McKeough, to Catharine Killion, daughter of Francis Killion.

On the 25th ult. by Alderman C. Binney, Mr. Wm. Curry, of this city, to Miss Louisa S. Lloyd, of the city of Trenton, N. J.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, Mr. Jacob Knorr, to Miss Frances R. Riddle, both of Spring Garden.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stork, Mr. William Ampach, to Miss Amanda E. Weidner, daughter of David Weidner, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. T. J. Donahoe, Alfred C. Gibson, to Rosanna, daughter of Richard McAvoy.

On the 23d ultimo, by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. Wm. H. Lane, to Miss Elizabeth Eiseler, at her father's, Providence, Delaware county.

On the 22d ult. by Alderman Joel Cook, Mr. John Taylor, to Miss Mary J. Fontaine, both of Wilmington, Delaware.

At Fredericksburg, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Towles, Robert W. Tomlin, Esq., of the Engineer Corps, to Miss L. Ermonia C. daughter of William H. Fitzhugh, Esq. of Stafford county, Va.

At Maurice River, on the 15th ult. by Joel S. Robinson, Esq. Mr. Wm. Kain, to Miss Elizabeth Clark.

In Westfield, on the 20d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hunting, Aaron H. Vencelius, of New Germantown, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Ezra Miller, of Westfield.

In Paris, on the 26th January, at the Hotel Gallifet, by the Right Rev. Lord Bishop Luscombe, Regis, Baron De Trobriand, to Mary M. Jones, of N. Y., United States of America.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Jeremiah S. Green, to Rachel A. daughter of John Paxson, all of this city.

On the 22d ult. by the same, George T. Price, to Hannah E. youngest daughter of John Paxson, all of this city.

On the 21d ult. by Alderman J. Mitchell, Benj. Rolon, to Mary S. Dare, both of Gloucester co. N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Daniel Kingsland, Esq. of N. York, to Miss Sophie Martin, step daughter of W. Jean M. Meltzer.

On the 12th ult. at the Sansom street church, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. Wm. G. Tourison, to Miss Harriet C. Rawlings, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. C. C. Cuyler, John Garrett, to Miss Mary N. Shinn, both of this city.

Died,

On the 27th ultimo, Hannah Blackford, in the 57th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. Capt. Andrew McWilliams, aged 76 years.

On the 28th ult. James McDevitt, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Stephen Fotterall, son of D. and E. Winebrenner, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 28th ult. John Hess, son of Mrs. Susan Hess, aged 3 years and 3 months.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. Mrs. Cynthia E. Sherman, in the 24th year of her age.

At Copenhagen, Denmark, in Dec. last, Mrs. Holm, daughter of Peter Pedersen, Esq. formerly Minister from the King of Denmark, to the United States, and a resident of Philada.

On the 26th ult. after a short illness, Andrew Curcier, in the 66th year of his age.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Cornelia Eldridge, aged 25 years, wife of J. E. Eldridge.

On the 26th ult. Joseph Carson, son of Daniel B. and Sidney Griffing, aged 4 years and 26 days.

On the 27th ultimo, after a short illness, Mrs. Rosy Lloyd, wife of Mr. James Lloyd, aged 35 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. Mary Snyder, in the 63d year of her age.

On the 27th ult. Mary Watkin, wife of Charles B. Walker.

On the 27th ult. Margaret, daughter of Walter M. Forrester, in the 4th year of her age.

On the 25th ult. after a short illness, Jos. Thomas, son of D. and Susan Young, aged 3 years and 17 days.

On the 25th ult. in the 25th year of his age, Thomas Keating.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Mary Ann, wife of Lewis F. Garwick, in the 32d year of her age.

On the 25th ultimo, after a short illness, Richard D. Wall, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 26th ult. Samuel Sobin, son of Samuel and Ann E. Tudor, aged 2 years and 21 days.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. M. Smith, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 26th ultimo, George Weidley, son of Henry Weidley, aged 11 months.

On the 25th ult. Mary Hays, aged 74 years.

On the 24th ult. suddenly, of effusion of the lungs, Elizabeth Janney, aged 63 years.

On the 24th ult. Samuel E. son of R. J. and Sarah A. Grigg, aged 2 years, 9 months and 9 days.

On the 26th ult. Hannah, infant daughter of Wm. F. Hughes, aged 4 months and 19 days.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Ruth Vallette, widow of the late Elie Vallette, in the 68d year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Daniel Carlan, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 24th ult. in the 71st year of his age, W. Hallowell.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Lydia W. Atkinson, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 21st ult. Hugh Henry, aged 30 years.

Suddenly, on the 20th ult. on board his vessel, near Baltimore, Isaac Jermon, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 21st ult. John Palmer, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 24th ult. Alexander C. Smith, son of Fred. M. Smith, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 21st ult. Francis H. Tumbleston, in the 28th year of his age.

On the 23d ult. Margaret Stewart, relict of the late Thos. Stewart, aged 96 years.

On the 23d ult. aged 60 years, Joseph J. Money.

On the 24th ult. William C. son of Wm. and Lydia McGlensey, aged 5 years and 3 months.

On the 22d ult. John Rechel, aged 40 years.

On the 23d ult. Hannah M. Tilton, wife of the late Capt. S. Tilton, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. Alphonse Lejambre, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. in the 7th year of his age, Frank, second son of Wm. McKee.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST, BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 35 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 4th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10
Agricultural bank,	—
City bk. Portland,	—
Damariscotta,	—
Mercantile bank,	—
Stillwater canal bk.	—
Bangor Com. bank,	—
Westbrook bank,	—
Citizens bank,	—
Globe bank,	—
Washington co.	—
Frankfort bank,	—
All solvent banks	½
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	20 dis
All solvent banks	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	½
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk. Seneca co.	30
Com bk. New York	8½
Lafayette bank,	—
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	—
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	—
Bk. Buffalo,	30
Lewis Co.	30
Com bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	½a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	broke
Wayne County bank,	—
Mer. & Planters,	—
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Hooks,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	no sale
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bkg & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Paterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank	2 dis
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	47 dis
Girard do.	40 dis
Penns. do.	5½ dis
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	1 dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	30 dis
Lancaster bank,	½
Far. bk Lancaster,	½
Lebanon,	½
Harrisburg,	3½ dis
Middletown,	3½
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ pre.
" Boston,	½ dis
" Baltimore,	par
Specie,	—
Country Relief Notes,	6½ to 7 dis
City Relief Notes,	7½ to 8 dis

Carlisle,	3½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	1 dis
Northumberland,	3 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	3½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1½ dis
" Certificates,	1½ dis
" Post notes,	1½ dis
Towanda,	—
York,	3½ dis
Gettysburg,	3½ dis
Chambersburg,	3½ dis
Waynesburg, p. notes,	10 dis
" demand notes,	10 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	4 dis
" demand notes,	4 dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	10 dis
Lewistown,	6 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	40 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	3 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	2 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	3 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	7½ dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	1 dis
Broken bks,	various prices
Balt. Ohio R. R. notes,	40 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Far. & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	4 dis
Wheeling post notes,	4 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2
Small notes	4
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phenix bk.	—
Exchange bk.	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk. of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Ruckersv. Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	3a?
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	25 dis
Small notes,	30 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	4 dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	65 dis
State bank,	65 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	5 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	5
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	4 dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal	5

KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, are now publishing THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY. Comprising a complete Description of the Earth, Physical, Statistical, Civil and Political; exhibiting its relation to the Heavenly Bodies, its physical structure, the natural history of each country, and the industry, commerce, political institutions, and civil and social state of all nations. By HUGH MURRAY, F. R. S. E.; assisted in Astronomy, etc. by Prof. WALLACE; Geology, etc. by Prof. JAMESON; Botany, etc. by Prof. HOOKER; Zoology, etc. by W. SWAINSON, Esq.; revised with additions, by THOMAS G. BRADFORD. The whole brought up to the present time.

The whole work, embracing nearly nineteen hundred large imperial pages, and embellished with nearly twelve hundred splendid Engravings and Maps, executed in the best style on wood, will be completed in twenty-four parts, at the low price of twenty-five cents each—a part to be issued every two weeks. The first part is now ready.

The publishers believe themselves justified in adopting the opinion of an English Journal, which says:

"There is no work of the period which can compare with this Encyclopædia either in originality of design, amount of illustration, or beauty of execution. Though termed an 'Encyclopædia of Geography,' it might, with almost as much propriety, be termed an Encyclopædia of Nature and Art; for there is scarcely any thing remarkable on the earth, or in the heavens of the earth—an animal, a plant, or a mineral—which it does not enter into in order to describe and to illustrate. Nor are the commerce, the industry, the commerce, or the political institutions of the different nations of the earth forgotten; for to each and to all as ample justice has been done as the size of the work and the variety of subjects embraced, could possibly admit. Of the wood cuts, but one opinion can be entertained, and that is, that they are as truly deserving of praise for their execution as they are faithful and true to nature."

The portion of the work relating to the United States has been written anew, and filled over two hundred pages; a new and larger map of this country has also been given, and wood cuts have been added to the chapter devoted to its description.

In the preparation of this book, the publishers have expended a large sum, and now offer it at a price so low that it should command an extended circulation, as a standard work.

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Specimens sent gratis, on application, free of postage. Any number sold separate, or four numbers sent for One Dollar.

Persons engaged in selling Cheap Books should have a supply of this work, which can be had of the publishers or of any of the agents in Boston or New York at a large discount for cash; where can also be had the cheap editions of the novels of Boz, Fielding, Smollett and Cooper, now publishing in numbers by L. & B.

Postmasters disposed to act as agents will be allowed to retain One Dollar for every subscriber obtained for the whole work, the Five Dollars to be remitted, free of postage, and in advance.

Any publisher of a newspaper copying the above advertisement and this notice, 12 TIMES (inside insertions, well displayed) and forwarding Five Dollars, will be entitled to two copies of the work, sent to any address they may request. The papers containing the first and twelfth insertion to be sent to Philadelphia addressed "Medical News and Library," and the insertions to be given once every two weeks, and as a further inducement every additional subscriber obtained will be furnished for Five Dollars if the money is sent in advance. mar 4-3t

MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY FOR ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, are publishing a monthly periodical to form a large volume yearly. The MEDICAL NEWS AND LIBRARY.

It will contain, in addition to Miscellaneous Medical Intelligence, reports of Clinical Lectures, accounts of the different Medical Schools and Hospitals, with notices of cases and operations in those Institutions, and various other matters of interest to practitioners.

The Library will comprise a series of Lectures on the principal branches of medical science, and will constitute a complete library for the student, and a useful work for reference to the practitioner.

The very full and admirable course of Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine lately delivered by Professor Watson, of King's College, London, will be the first of the series. These Lectures will have their separate paging, and will, when complete, form a volume that may be bound by the subscribers.

The scope of this periodical, it will be perceived, is entirely different from that of the American Journal of the Medical Sciences. The latter containing the mature reflections and the carefully digested results of the practical experience of the best minds in the profession, and is issued quarterly at five Dollars a year.

The price of the News and Library to subscribers will be only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. As this will be the cheapest periodical of its kind in the Union, containing about 400 large pages, and embracing so much matter as is usually contained in 7 or 800 ordinary octavo pages, the amount to payable IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE, SIX COPIES furnished for FIVE DOLLARS, or THE MEDICAL NEWS and AMERICAN MEDICAL JOURNAL will be furnished for FIVE DOLLARS.

To induce physicians to forward the names of subscribers, the Publishers will give, gratis, the two vols. of Select Medical Essays by Dr. Chapman and others, embracing 1138 large pages of valuable and interesting matter for every Fifteen Dollars forwarded for three subscribers to the Journal and News, or a copy of Roget's Outlines of Physiology, a valuable work of 516 large pages, for every Five Dollars forwarded for five subscribers to The Medical News. See Prospectus of Medical Journal and Medical News in No. 1 of The News.

TO POSTMASTERS.—Every subscriber forwarded by a postmaster for The Medical Journal and News, or five subscribers for The News alone, accompanied with a remittance of Five Dollars, will entitle him to one of either Cooper's or Boz's Novels, or those of Fielding or Smollett—any part of their 25 cents, and publishing in a periodical form, which can be sent by mail.

All remittances and orders to be sent *free of postage*, which can be done by the postmaster franking the letter.

Any Physician, News Agent or Postmaster can have nos. 1 and 2 of The News sent gratis as specimens, on application free of postage. mar 4-3t

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS

THE following cheap publications are for sale at the office of the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, No. 98 Chesnut street, where all Periodicals published in the United States may be obtained:

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WILLIAM S. GRAHAM,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philada.

LET THE FRIENDS OF THE CAUSE AID THE INSTRUMENT.

TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE. NEW ARRANGEMENT.

L. C. LEVIN, Editor of the Temperance Advocate, to be enabled to make new and increased efforts for the advancement of the cause, has transferred the details of publishing to S. C. ATKINSON & Co., who will use all industry in aid of experience to make the Advocate deserving of an additional share of patronage.

L. C. Levin continues to retain an interest in it, and the editorship. This leading Advocate by this division of labor will be invigorated and more firmly established. The friends of "Levin and Temperance" are invited to make another energetic effort to advance the banner by the right kind of support at "Atkinson's Periodical Mart," No. 40 South Third street, where the publications of all the new publications, all the magazines, books, stationery, etc., are to be had.

Address, (post paid,) S. C. ATKINSON & Co.
No. 40 South Third street.

Patrons in arrears are urged to pay up, that we may do the same. mar 4 3t

SPRING FASHIONS.

F. MAHAN announces to his subscribers and the trade generally, that the Spring Reports and Plates of Fashions will be published and ready for delivery to subscribers and others about the 25th inst. The diagrams will embrace the most fashionable and necessary wearables of the present day including Fashionable wide shouldered, narrow shouldered, loose dress and Sporting Gentleman's coat, Lady's Habit, French Gaiter, and plain Pantaloons. Vests of different kinds, etc. etc. The Plate contains two Military figures, one of which is Col. Page, of the State Fencibles, in his captain's dress, the other in the captain's dress of the Monroe Guards.

TERMS—$10 for the first, and $6 for each succeeding year. Plates $3 per year. Scale holders $3 to $4. Protractors $3 to $4. Scales on Bristol Board $1 per set. Inch Measures and Tailors Crayons of a superior quality at wholesale and retail.

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SOUTHERN AND WESTERN MERCHANTS, when coming on to Philadelphia to lay in their stock of Spring and Summer Goods, will bear in mind that they can procure, as heretofore, all kinds of Handbills, Storebills, Cards, Circulars and other Printing executed in the most showy and beautiful style, in black or colors, plain or fancy, at the shortest notice, at the UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING OFFICE, *Ledger Building, South West corner of Third and Chesnut Streets.* No business is done at this office but for cash. By its rigid adherence to this rule, together with its extensive steam machinery, superior facilities and choice workmen, this establishment can afford to its customers richer and more beautiful printing at cheaper prices than can be afforded at any printing establishment in the country. *The United States Job Printing Office* therefore upon the only true principle of business, appeals only to the self interest of any one in soliciting his custom. 3t

PAPER HANGINGS VERY CHEAP.

THE attention of those who intend having Papering done during the season, is very respectfully invited to the large assortment of Paper Hangings, Borders, Fire Board Figures, etc. etc., now on hand by the subscriber, which he offers for sale at prices very low for cash. Included in the above assortment is a large variety of the richest style Fresco's, with every other style of satin Parlor Papers, gay and plain; the latest style column and other papers for Halls, Staircases, etc. Dining Room and Chamber Papers of every variety and quality. Wholesale dealers and others will find it to their advantage to call.

N. B. Paper Hangers whose work will be warranted, and sent to any part of the country at the lowest possible prices.

JOHN FINN.

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THE subscriber grateful for past favors, respectfully informs his old customers, and the public generally, that he has, and intends to keep on hand a general assortment of Cabinet Ware, which will be disposed of at reduced prices, on liberal credit, and the work warranted.

Second hand furniture will be repaired in the most satisfactory manner, coffins will be furnished, and attendance given at funerals at the shortest notice—all at reduced prices.

DENIS PETERSON.

Woodstown, N. J., March, 1843. mar 4-3t

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, PART 3 (to be completed in four monthly parts) of the Book of the Navy; comprising a general History of the American Marine, and particularly all the most celebrated Naval Battles from the Declaration of Independence to the present time, compiled from the best authorities. By John Frost, Professor of Belles Lettres in the High School of Philadelphia. With an Appendix, containing Naval Songs, Anecdotes, etc. Embellished with numerous Engravings and Portraits of distinguished Naval Commanders. Price 25 cents per number.

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"This is just such a work as has long been wanted—a history of the Navy sufficiently condensed for popular use. Mr. Frost has performed his task in the best manner, and has produced precisely the book that was desired."—*Pennsylvanian.*

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SILK WORM EGGS—THE CHOICEST kinds, raised by the subscriber, from healthy stock, for sale. They will be delivered to the purchaser as he may need them, now or during the Summer, being kept in Ice. Peanut Eggs, from cocoons which regularly yielded 20 to 26 oz. of fine reeled silk per bushel; Mammoth Sulphur and White, of prime healthy stock, at $3 per oz. for other variety. Large quantities delivered free of cost in Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore.

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Reeled silk received and sold on commission.

Orders for Eggs, etc., must be accompanied with the money. Information on the Silk Culture extended to all the enquirers.

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Gems from the Poets.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells!
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things that gleam unrecked of and in vain.—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,—
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice,—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
Restore the dead, thou sea!

From the Monthlies.

FROM SARGENT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

PRACTITIONERS AND PATIENTS.

BY HELEN BERKLEY.

"Ah! Doctor, how d'ye do! Just the person I was thinking of!" said Dr. Quackenboss, as he drew up his comfortable cab-like gig in front of the Carlton House, and beside the foreign-looking vehicle of a fashionable contemporary. "On your way to Percy's, Doctor?"

"Dr. Quackenboss—how are you, sir? I am on my way to Mr. Percy's—hem—let your gurgeon drive on and take a seat beside me; you see I have room for four;" said Dr. Honeywood giving his reins to his liveried tiger.

Dr. Quackenboss had alighted with characteristic nimbleness, and accepted the offer almost before it was made. Dr. Honeywood courteously made room for him, submitted to the troublesome necessity of drawing off his lemon-colored gloves, and very slightly touched the Samson-like fingers of his companion.

"Interesting case that of Mr. Percy's ward, Doctor?" commenced Dr. Quackenboss.

"Miss Ruthven! Oh! yes—very interesting—hem. What was it you thought of her symptoms, Doctor?"

"The old story—nothing new in science now-a-days—it's all the same rehearsal of the past. Doctor, you know my theory that medicine, (as well as history,)

"With all her volumes vast
Has but one page."

My practice, Doctor—and you must allow it is rather extensive—has taught me that almost all the ills 'flesh is heir to,' (epidemics excepted,) may be summed up in the word *imagination*—different diseases are but the different vagaries of imagination on different constitutions. To cure them you must influence the imagination. Doctor, I call Miss Ruthven's case a confirmed case of imagination!" Dr. Quackenboss uttered these last words with energetic solemnity.

"Oh! yes—just so—just so"—returned Dr. Honeywood musingly; "as you say, imagination does a great deal—no disputing that. I've heard the same thing from men of the highest reputation in Europe. Besides, the lady was your patient before I was called in; you know her constitution. Her cough is rather severe though?"

"Spasmodic, Doctor, or occasioned by thinking about it; nothing more! Only remember the venerable lady, who had had the asthma *ten years*, and whom Sir Humphrey Davy cured in *ten minutes* by just touching a thermometer under her tongue! What do you call that but a case of asthmatic imagination?"

"Exactly—Sir Humphrey was a great man—I knew a friend of his abroad."

"You have travelled all over Europe, Doctor, and ought to know best; but for my part, I have found bread and honey pills the most efficacious remedy for palpitations, coughs, headaches, nervousness, in fact every thing, as I said before, epidemics excepted."

"Right, Doctor—no disputing your opinion—bread and honey pills, good things—very good things!"

"To be sure they are! And, Doctor, I am convinced that this practice of influencing the imagination has been resorted to by men of science since the world began. What was *Perkinism* but tickling the imagination with metallic tractors, and convincing people they were cured? What is *Animal Magnetism* but soothing the imagination by *passes*, and persuading people they are asleep, and you can work wonders on them! What is *Homœopathy*, pray, but dosing the imagination in a mysterious and incomprehensible manner? Doctor, I tell you the influence of *mind upon matter* is not appreciated now-a-days—not appreciated." Dr. Quackenboss was obliged to pause to take breath.

"Just so—incomprehensible manner as you say—not appreciated—hem. By the way, the young lady is an heiress, is she not?"

She is an only child; her father died very rich, and she was left sole heiress. Her father's will brings her into possession of his estate on the day of her marriage, or on her twenty-first birthday. Her guardian, Mr. Percy, has a large family and is in very embarrassed circumstances. As he was a bosom friend of Ruthven's it's rather astonishing that he was left no legacy. However, he will be well enough off, for Miss Ruthven was engaged, before her father's death, to Percy's eldest son."

"Ah! indeed—where is he at present?"

"In Charleston, just commencing business for himself. I have heard, but it sounds rather improbable, and, indeed, I myself am inclined to doubt it, that young Mr. Percy purposely postponed his union with the heiress until he was prosperously established in commerce."

"Rather improbable story, I should say—might have done a century ago—hem.—What was to become of the property, in case Miss Ruthven died before she came of age, and unmarried?"

"In that case, the property goes to a distant branch of the family; a fashionable widow with three daughters. I believe you are acquainted with her—Mrs. Wurldley?"

"Ah! Mrs. Wurldley! Know her very well—fascinating woman—one of the *élites*. So you don't think the young lady is in any danger?"

"Not the slightest! young girls are fanciful—like to think themselves ill. You must have seen thousands of such cases?"

"Certainly, certainly—very common. I agree with you perfectly."

As Dr. Honeywood said these words, his vehicle stopped before a small two story house in a rather unfashionable part of the city.

Dr. Quackenboss led the way to a miniature parlor, remarkable for its extreme neatness and the absence of every thing resembling luxury. An elderly lady sat beside the small stove, surrounded by a group of rosy-looking children, with their books and slates. There was something remarkably prepossessing in her appearance; and her smile, as she rose to receive them, would have been a passport to any heart unintrenched in the impenetrable mail of conventionalism.

"How d'ye do! How are you, Mrs. Percy?" said Dr. Quackenboss in a spirited tone, and with some *empressement* of manner. "Dr. Honeywood and myself are early you see. Sorry to say I have only a few moments to spare—patients waiting for me all over the city! How is the fair Marion today?"

"You shall see her immediately, Doctor," replied Mrs. Percy. "Lucy, my dear, tell Marion to come down stairs without delay."

"I sincerely hope, madam—hem—I hope, Mrs. Percy, that Miss Ruthven finds herself considerably relieved this morning—hem—I anticipate—hem—seeing her quite recovered;" said Dr. Honeywood.

"Ah! Doctor, we have many fears," began Mrs. Percy sorrowfully.

"Fears, madam! Have I not told you that was because your imagination was so active?" interrupted Dr. Quackenboss.

"But, Doctor, her cough is really dreadful—the night sweats continue, and she has no appetite. Do you not think these alarming symptoms, sir?" And Mrs. Percy turned to the elder practitioner.

"My dear madam—hem—they are of very frequent occurrence—we meet with them every day—hem—ha—no cause for alarm, my dear madam—none whatever."

"We trust every thing to you, sir; but indeed we are very much distressed. Would you think it advisable to call in further advice?" inquired Mrs. Percy, hardly knowing what she was saying, and only remembering that "in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Dr. Quackenboss, hastily. "Beg pardon, ma'am—I say nothing of myself, for there are enough to speak of me, but what advice could you have superior to Dr. Honeywood's! His fame has spread all over the continent. His time is so engrossed that he is obliged to be exclusive, and only visit his especial friends. My case is so similar madam, that friendship for you alone—"

"I acknowledge all that, doctor; but Marion is really—"

The entrance of Miss Ruthven precluded further conversation on the subject. Surely there was little of the invalid in the bound of her elastic step—the cloud-like wavings of her animated countenance—the sphere of joyousness which seemed to encircle her. True, her form was delicate to fragility, but then she had not yet attained the rounded maturity of womanhood. Her blue eyes shone with peculiar lustre; but how could it be otherwise when her bright spirit sparkled so constantly through them? The tint of her cheek was like the hue of the unblooming autumn leaf, when it seems to blush that its glory is departing—but might not that have been the flush of emotion, or the rosy gift of youth and health?

"Bright as a May morning, eh! Miss Marion!" began Dr. Quackenboss. "We shall hear next that Nature has prohibited your walking in his green-house, if you persist in carrying such damask roses on your cheeks. How do you do to-day? Only a few minutes to spend with you—patients waiting for me in every direction."

Marion had no time to reply before Dr. Honeywood addressed her.

"Looking well, my dear young lady—looking well—hem—how are you, my dear? hem—ha!" and Dr. Honeywood wiped his mouth, and then his eyes, and took Marion's small transparent hand within his, and fastened his fingers and attention on her pulse, with all the gravity necessary for the performance of that difficult operation.

"I think I am better this morning, Doctor," said Marion.

"Pulse weak—hem—bitter weak—hem—quite weak," continued Dr. Honeywood.

"That's from confinement to the house, Doctor, nothing else," said Dr. Quackenboss.

"Just so, just so, too much confinement, my dear young lady,—must take exercise, my dear—hem—hem—any pain in your chest, my dear young lady?"

"I have considerable pain," said Marion, lowering her tone lest it should reach the ear of Mrs. Percy.

"Not a very good symptom; we must look to that, Doctor."

"Not important, Doctor; I have a pain in my chest myself very frequently, and a healthier man does not ride through Broadway."

"True, Doctor, true; pains may exist without the slightest internal disease. Hem—you are improving rapidly, my dear young lady—improving. Oblige me with a sight of your tongue, my dear?" And Dr. Honeywood wiped his eyes once more with considerable deliberation, and then his mouth, and then his spectacles, in preparation for the all-important inspection.

"Hem—ha—furred; rather furred, quite furred! What do you think, Doctor?"

"A little white; want air and exercise; nothing at all!"

"It's often much worse," timidly suggested Mrs. Percy.

"Just so, just so,—not so bad as I think I've seen it, my dear," said the accommodating man of science, accustomed to adapt his vision to the sight of all around him. "We'll soon remedy that, my dear young lady."

"We're delighted to find you so well, Miss Marion, and"—Dr. Quackenboss was interrupted by the entrance of a lady, somewhat past her prime, whose studied and dashing attire, and the faded charms it was intended to heighten, or restore, called forcibly to mind Goldsmith's expression of

"The glaring impotence of dress."

This lady threw her arms around Marion the instant she entered the room, and kissed her with the utmost tenderness. Mrs. Percy she saluted with more formality.

"It is a great gratification for me to find you here, gentlemen," said she, addressing the medical attendants. "I have been so worried about this dear girl! You must take the utmost care of her precious health. I presume there is no danger? I have been so distressed!" and the lady really did look very anxious. It might be, more *anxious* than grieved.

"No danger at all, my dear Mrs. Wurldley," said Dr. Quackenboss. "How charming you are looking! It's always a pleasure to meet you. Excessively sorry I am in such haste—upwards of a hundred calls to make this morning—have kept every body waiting, to see Miss Marion."

Mrs. Wurdley, with a smile and a bow, turned from the gentleman to Dr. Honeywood, whom she addressed in a lower tone.

"I am very much concerned about dear Marion's health, Doctor. I am afraid her symptoms are very serious? Do tell me the truth!" And Mrs. Wurldley's voice and face expressed the utmost alarm.

Dr. Honeywood possessed no small insight into character. "Quite serious, my dear madam,—I have fears—hem—it's always best to keep these things quiet you know," was his reply.

"Alas, misfortunes *will* come," said the lady resignedly; every trace of alarm having mysteriously vanished from her face. "Now that I know the worst, my solicitude is quieted: she is so young too—wants eight months of being twenty-one! It is likely she will linger long, Doctor?"

Dr. Honeywood had not forgotten Miss Ruthven's fortune, and its next inheritor; and replied, "Not long, my dear madam—hem—we must do our best; my opinion is—hem—ha—I am fearful the young lady may overhear. I hope to meet you again, my dear madam."

"I shall never be sufficiently grateful to you, dear Doctor, for your attention to dear Marion, and the interest you take in her," said Mrs. Wurldley, aloud. "We are all so grateful."

The doctor bowed, took up his hat, and drew on his gloves.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Percy timidly, "would not a *Nuremburg plaster* do Marion good?"

"Nuremburg plaster? Certainly—certainly—good thing!"

"Or a *medicated plaster*," suggested Mrs. Wurldley.

"Certainly—hem—medicated plaster will do; both good—hem. Ladies, I wish you a very good morning. Doctor, are you ready?"

"Quite ready, Doctor. I have staid here too long, but I have *fair* excuses behind me. Mrs. Percy—Mrs. Wurldley—Miss Marion, good morning, see you to-morrow—sorry I'm in such haste. Don't get your imagination excited, Miss Marion—good morning!"

A month passed on, and every day spread additional gloom over the quiet, well-regulated household of Mr. and Mrs. Percy. Marion was beloved—(and who could know her, and doubt she was beloved for herself!) alike by children and by parents. The very mention of her indisposition would moisten even the eyes of menials. All "hoped against hope," for her strength was visibly failing. Her laugh was still the merriest, her eye the brightest, her cheek the rosiest, her spirit the most unclouded. But that lustrous eye had become sunken, that richly hued cheek hollow, and the gaiety of her spirit was like the flame of a torch, which burns brightest before it expires.

The visits of the two celebrated physicians continued daily. Dr. Quackenboss still talked of imagination, and assured Mrs. Percy that Miss Marion was well, or getting well. He still declared himself in a great hurry; had never a moment to spare—sick patients were calling on him in their agony on every side. Yet, once ensconced in the inviting arm-chair especially devoted to Miss Ruthven's use, he generally had the good nature to bestow an hour or two of his invaluable attendance on the Percys; talking over the topics of the day, and expatiating upon his new theory concerning imagination. What fault could the family find with him? Certainly he did his duty, and sacrificed a large portion of his precious time out of pure friendship, as he declared to them. Of course his daily, but paltry, five dollar fee, was not to a man of his disinterestedness a matter of consideration. If any evidence of his extensive practice was needed, it was found in the fact that almost every Sunday he was summoned out of church in the midst of prayers, or the instant the sermon commenced. His anxiety for his patients could be discerned, on such occasions, in the trepidation and haste with which he rose, and regardless of the congregation, noisily hurried away.

As for Dr. Honeywood, who was called in at the earnest request of Mrs. Percy, shortly before our story commences, he was the most popular physician in New York. He possessed the invaluable faculty of pleasing every body; of seeing with every body's eyes; hearing with every body's ears; comprehending with every body's understanding; of giving consequence to every body's opinion by discovering that it was precisely his own.

It is related of La Fayette, that when he was receiving company at Castle Garden, New-York, two young gentlemen called upon him together. After expressing his happiness at seeing them, to the first he said, "You are a married man I suppose, sir?" The gentleman answered in the affirmative. La Fayette cordially shook hands with him, exclaiming, "happy fellow! happy fellow!" To the second gentleman, he put the same question. His visitor, as he replied in the negative, felt for the first time, that it was a misfortune to be a bachelor. To his surprise, La Fayette no sooner heard his answer, than he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder, and cried out, "lucky dog! lucky dog!" This anecdote Dr. Honeywood heard in his youth, and he then made up his mind to adopt this one (as he termed it) *grand principle* of action, of his illustrious predecessor. Perhaps he was slightly, very slightly, indebted to this determination for being considered the most amiable, sensible, polished individual in the known world. After passing a few years of relaxation in Europe, he returned to New York, and himself ensured the Americans of the enviable reputation he had gained abroad. What better authority could they have had? Was it any wonder that he became the lion of physicians, or that he emulated King Midas in the manufacture of gold?

Marion's weakness increased so rapidly, that she herself soon became aware that it was attended with dangerous consequences. Her union with Eustace Percy had been two years delayed, because her lover felt that the disinterestedness of his motives might be doubted, while his family were in straitened circumstances, and he himself not yet permanently established in business. He had embarked, shortly after Mr. Ruthven's death, for Charleston, and was now engaged in commerce in that city.

Marion wrote to her lover the instant her own fears were excited, and begged him to hasten to New York. From that time her decline was marked and fearfully rapid. Mr. Percy received her letter, and left Charleston the next day, with feelings which baffle description. His family had once the happiness of welcoming him amongst them, and he the grief of beholding his fair Marion drooping like a flower with the worm at its root.

For a few days previous to his arrival, Marion was compelled by debility to pass the greater portion of the day upon her couch. But now her sufferings had entirely ceased, and the knell-like cough which convulsed her tender frame no longer pierced the ears and hearts of those around her. She was reclining upon the sofa on the evening of her lover's arrival, with her head resting fondly on his shoulder. His young sisters and brothers, as usual thronged about her; some kneeling beside her, some holding her hands, others bathing her temples, and all anxious to prove their solicitude for the beloved one.

"Are you all here?" said Marion, looking round her affectionately.

"All but mother—Lucy shall call her," replied Eustace.

Mrs. Percy was summoned. When she appeared, Marion raised herself with more strength than she had evinced for weeks. Her eyes lost the expression of languor, which of late had clouded their blue heaven. The huskiness of her voice was gone; her tones regained all their touching melody. Every heart grew lighter at these symptoms of returning health.

"Dear Eustace," said Marion, "I did not send for you merely for the happiness of beholding you once more; and I feel—I know that I have little time left for the expression of my desires. To you, my more than parents, I hope these two years have indicated to what I cannot thank you. Wealth can command much, but not the heart's gratefulness—not the parental guidance you have bestowed upon me. A little longer—only a little longer I shall need that care—"

Mrs. Percy turned away her head, and his sob could not repress her sob.

Eustace exclaimed with deep emotion, "Marion! do not talk thus, unless you would break our hearts! You will remain with us, to be our blessing—our treasure!"

"In your affection, I *trust*, I shall remain—and your bosoms I will indeed be, but shining from another land. Its light will lure you thither, Eustace, where I shall await your coming. Do not stop me; it is of temporal things I would speak. The wealth my father left me would indeed be a poor return for the heart's riches you all lavished upon me. Yet, poor as it is, you must accept it when I shall have nothing else to offer—pray do not interrupt me—I am not of age yet, but by my union with you, Eustace, I shall have power to bestow the perishable gift, which will be my last. We have little time to lose—to-morrow—to-morrow night, you will receive my hand. Father, mother, give me the right to call you so while you yet hear me! Forgive me, Eustace," and she smiled, "if I force upon you a bride less merry, than you could have wished!"

"Do not speak thus, Marion, if you would not drive me mad. You will recover—indeed you will. What motives would the world attribute, think you, to my parents and myself, if these hasty nuptials took place? Do not look thus—it cannot—must not be—you will be restored to us, and then—"

"If my restoration is *possible*, it will be accomplished through this medium. Remove the solicitude, which oppresses me, by acquiescing in my desires, and it will assist my recovery more than any other human means. Eustace, it *must* be—it is my last request. Oh! are the wishes of the dying so lightly valued? To-morrow—not an hour beyond to-morrow evening."

He dared not excite the sinking girl either by a refusal or further discussion. Mrs. Percy instantly saw the danger of thwarting her wishes, and warned her son. He gave a forced assent to Marion's request, and she was persuaded to remain silent and quiet for the rest of the evening.

Marion looked better, and conversed more gaily, the next day than she had done for weeks previous. She seemed buoyed up by hope; sustained from within. Once only, Eustace endeavored to remonstrate with her, but her agitation became so excessive, that he was forced to desist. She would not even listen to a short delay, but insisted that the ceremony should take place, in privacy, that very evening.

The day wore away, and even the reluctant lover forgot his scruples, in the indescribable happiness, which filled his heart, as the hour that was to make him a bridegroom approached. Evening found the hopeful family assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the clergyman. Eustace gazed with more than a lover's tremulous emotion upon his placid bride. He sighed as he beheld her cheek so tintless and pure as the white gossamer robe that harmonized so well with her shadowy loveliness; but when he marked the holy calm, which illumined her spiritualized countenance, he could have bowed the knee before her as to a visitant from some higher sphere.

There was a quiet happiness diffused around the apartment, and entering the spirit of all. Every face reflected the serene joy mirrored on that of Marion. The clergyman entered the room. The preparations were concluded; the bride and bridegroom were summoned to stand forth, that their mutual vow might there be breathed on earth, and echoed in heaven.

Marion made an effort to rise, but a sudden faintness overpowered her.

"For heaven's sake, dear Marion, let this ceremony be delayed," said her terrified lover.

"Not an hour—not a moment—I am better—ready—quite ready." And she rose with renewed strength. They stood together before the man of God. The ceremony commenced. As it proceeded, the arm of Eustace encircled the waist of his bride, and gave her that support, which her limbs were fast refusing. His own vow was uttered, in spite of his agitation, clearly and distinctly. The minister turned to Marion, and the solemn question, of whether she would take Eustace for her wedded husband was put to her. A pause—a long, fearful pause ensued. No answer came. Every eye was now turned in terror on Marion. Her own eyes were fixed vacantly upon the clergyman—her colorless lips apart, but no sound proceeded from betwixt them. Yet, she was not fainting—she did not even tremble—she seemed petrified, powerless. Again the question was asked. The words "*till death ye do part*," seemed to bring back her consciousness. A sudden effort spread a faint glow over her cheek. Her eyes closed gently and opened again—her lips quivered, and gave forth a sound that seemed to proceed from no human voice, so clear and hollow was its tone. They uttered but two words—"I will!" Her head sank lifeless upon her bosom. The circling arm of Eustace sustained an increased weight. *Forgetful*, regardless of every thing, he caught her frantically to his breast, called on her name; pressed her icy lips to his own! They chilled his very soul! Those lips gave no return—that heart beat no response—those words were the last she ever spoke! She had passed from them—had gone to behold her vow registered in heaven. In the land of endless joy to await her reunion with her bridegroom!

* * * * * *

"Most surprising case I ever met with in the whole course of my practice!" said Dr. Quackenboss, as he stood beside Marion's couch some two hours afterwards, surrounded by her weeping friends. "It only confirms me in the belief that an excited imagination may produce death, if not checked in the beginning. It is a disease that I shall henceforth regard as fatal. Is not this self evident, Doctor?"

"Just so—just so—" returned Dr. Honeywood, dolorously. "Just what I expected from the first! Pray do not weep, dear madam, I am grieved—dreadfully grieved myself—hem—I took a father's interest in the dear young lady. But there is no hope in such cases. I felt that it would end thus." And the Doctor wiped his eyes with unusual care, (as though searching out a tear,) but not until he had, as usual, performed the same office for his mouth.

"Oh! but Doctor," sobbed out Marion's favorite little Lucy, "you said poor Marion would get well—you said so every day—oh! oh! oh! you did, Doctor!"

"My dear—hem—my dear young lady—hem—that was because we were doing all that humanity could do for her. Doctor, you know the exertions we made?"

"I do, indeed," returned Dr. Quackenboss. "And I call upon Dr. Honeywood," added he, in a solemn and elevated tone, "as a medical man of the highest repute in this community, to say whether every possible means which skill could devise was not carried into execution to save her?"

"Just so, Doctor—I can testify to that. It was one of those cases, for which there is no cure."

"Yes, Doctor, the imagination! the imagination! I am now convinced, that it can be fatal. And since it is so potent, why should it not be! But I've a thousand calls to make this morning—patients waiting in every quarter. My dear Mrs. Percy, I condole with you sincerely. I am excessively grieved that I am obliged to leave you in such haste. I do assure you, that every thing has been done; which must be a great consolation to you, as well as to ourselves. I am forced to be in unusual haste. Good morning."

Dr. Honeywood was called in, the same day to attend upon Mrs. Wurldley, who was taken suddenly ill. Her indisposition was attributable, she said, entirely to the grief occasioned by dear Marion's death. Her conversation, however, turned principally upon the imprudence, not to say *criminality*, of the Percys, in permitting the young lady's marriage, while she was in so delicate a state; and her own belief, that as the ceremony was not entirely concluded the contract would not be considered valid. Dr. Honeywood agreed with her perfectly, which, unfortunately, was more than the Chancellor, some months afterwards, had the civility to do.

Dr. Quackenboss paid an unusual number of calls on the day of Marion's decease, and succeeded in persuading himself, and perhaps a few others, that the case was one of imagination. Alas! it would have been greater consolation, and worthier of his rhetorical powers, could he have convinced the breaking hearts, gathered round that beauteous corpse, that the death they mourned was an *imaginary* one!

The Humorist.

☞ A captain in the English navy, meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth, boasted that he had left the whole ship's crew the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked the friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over, and the rest are happy that they have escaped."

☞ A sailor having attempted to kiss a lass he met with on shore, she bridled up and declared he had insulted her; whereupon Jack exclaimed, "Well, that beats all! I've been to sea these twenty years, and never knew a *salute* called an *insult* afore!"

☞ "I'd have you know, Mrs. Stucker, that my uncle was a *barrister* of the law!" "A fig for your *bannister*," cried Mrs. Scroggins, turning up her nose, and putting her arms akimbo, "haven't I a cousin as is a *corridor* in the navy."

☞ An editor, intending to mend his pen in haste to secure an idea before it went out of his head, whittled away the end of his finger, and did not perceive his error until he found he was writing with red ink instead of black.

☞ An English journal tells a story of a village Lothario, who visiting his inamorata, and finding doors and windows fastened, essayed the chimney, where he stuck for a time, but was ultimately liberated.

☞ In Wheeling, Va., they have appointed a Mr. S. W. Sights collector of water-rents. They are determined if people do not pay up, that they may expect "to see *Sights*."

☞ One of our exchange papers is edited by an old maid. The way she complains of the non-arrival of the *males* is almost heart-rending.

☞ Punch says that Henry the Eighth's usual way of "*axing*" for a new wife was by *chopping* the old one's head off."

☞ The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the best that ever was preached upon.

☞ "It grows dark," as the negro said of his youngest child.

☞ A miser named Adams, residing in a wretched hovel, near Nottingham, England, recently died from over-exertion, in carrying his coals from a distance, because he got them a half-penny cheaper. On searching his premises, money and property to the value of five thousand dollars were found.

☞ In any society where a difference of opinion arises on matters of little consequence, it is wise to give in, although you may have incontestible proofs to support the correctness of your opinion—this flatters the other's vanity, and cannot injure yourself.

☞ "Really, Mr. Smith, this cabin is so close and uncomfortable, that I cannot get the least rest." "My dear, only think where the poor sailors have to sleep! I heard the captain just now tell one of them to lay out on the yard arm."

☞ The latest definition of the term "kind husband," is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child on one arm, and a pail of water on the other, pursues her washing.

☞ He who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has *vigor*; he who can produce more and better, has *talents*; he who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.

☞ Punch says, on a bill or note the statute begins to run directly it is due. The acceptor, if he cannot pay, had better follow the statute's example.

☞ A distinguished author, in one of his most profound works, asserts that it is the height of folly to "bolt a door with a boiled carrot."

☞ There is a gentleman in New York, whose nose is so red, that no insurance office will insure a house in the street where he resides.

☞ The empire of woman is an empire of softness, of address, and complacency—her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears.

☞ Solitude ceases to be a charm the moment we can find a single being whose ideas are more agreeable to us than our own.

☞ The snow has been frozen so hard in New Hampshire that sleigh runners struck fire as they passed over it.

☞ "A comb maker is always in his infancy, illness." "How so?" "Because he is always *teeth-ing*."

☞ Always distrust the sincerity of him who is profuse in promise, and seems over anxious to please.

☞ "Air in the stomach is essential to digestion," as the man said when he swallowed a hurricane.

☞ "I'd be a *butter-fly*," as the fly fast in the butter exclaimed, in tones of intensest agony.

☞ If you cannot keep your own secret, how can you expect that others will do it for you.

☞ "It's easier to preach than to practice," as the doctor said when he turned clergyman.

☞ A *piratical* affair, truly! as the cook said when he found the upper crusts nibbled off.

Choice Selections.

THE AMBUSH.

FROM A POEM, BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

The moose hath left the rushy brink
Where he strode to the lake at eve to drink,
And sought his lair in thicket dark,
Lit only by the fire-fly's spark.

Deep in the linden's foliage hid,
Complains the peevish katydid,
And the shrill screech-owl answers back,
From tulip-tree and tamarak.
At times along the placid lake,
A solitary trout will break;
And rippling eddies on the stream,
In trembling circles faintly gleam;
While near the sedgy shore is heard
The plash of that ill-omened bird,
Whose dismal note and boding cry,
Will oft the startled ear assail,
When lowering clouds obscure the sky,
And when the tempest gathers nigh,
Come quivering in the rising gale.

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak,
Whose proudly waving banner now
Comes floating round the mountain's brow;
Whose gallant ranks in close array,
Now gleam along the moon-lit way;
And now with many a break between,
Are winding through the long ravine?

Oh, why cannot that loon's wild shriek,
To them a feeble warning speak!
Who careless press a foeman's sod,
As if in banquet-hall they trod;
Who rashly thus unlicensed dare
To chase in woods the forest child,
To hunt the panther to his lair,
The Indian in his native wild?

They come with stirring fife and drum,
With flaunting plume and pennon come,
To solitudes, where never yet
Hath gleamed the glistening bayonet—
Banner upon the breeze hath flown,
Or bugle note before been blown.
The cautious beaver starts with fear,
That strange unwonted sound to hear;
But still her grave demeanor keeps,
As from her hovel door she peeps,
Observing thence with curious eye
The pageant, as it passes by;
Pauses the wailing whip-poor-will
One moment, in her plaintive trill,
As echoing on the mountain side
Their martial music wanders wide,
Then as the last note dies away,
Pursues once more her broken lay.

At length they reach that fatal steep,
Which, hanging o'er the chasm deep,
With stunted copse, and tangled heath,
Conceals the gulf that yawns beneath.
The watchful Mohawk, from his lair,
One moment sees them falter there—
One moment looks, with eagle eye,
To mark their forms against the sky;
Then, through the night air, wild and high,
Peals the red warrior's battle-cry.

From sassafras, and sumach, green,
From shattered stump, and riven rock—
From the dark hemlock's boughs between,
Is launched the gleaming tomahawk.
And savage eyes glare fiercely out
From every bush and vine about;
And savage forms the branches throw,
In dusky masses on the foe.

In vain their leaders strive to form
Their ranks beneath that living storm!
As whoop on whoop discordant fell
Loudly on their astounded ears,
As if at once each fiendish yell
Awoke, within that narrow dell,
The echoes of a thousand years!
No rallying cry, no hoarse command
Can marshal that bewildered band;
Nor clarion-call to standard, more
Those panic stricken ranks restore;
Now strown like pines upon the path
Where bursts the fierce tornado's wrath.

Yet some there are who undismayed
Seek sternly, back to back arrayed,
With eye and blade alert, in vain
A moment's footing to maintain.
Though gallant hearts direct the steel,
And stalwart arms the buffets deal,
What can a score of brands avail
When each as many foes assail?
Like scud before the wintry blast,
That through the sky comes sweeping fast,
Like leaves upon the tempest whirled
They toward the steep, are struggling hurled.
Valor in vain, in vain despair,
Nerves many a frantic bosom there
Furious with the unequal strife,
To cling with desperate force to life.
There, fighting still, with mad endeavor,
As on the dizzy edge they hover,
Their bugle breathes one rallying note,
Pennon and plume one moment float;
Then, swept beyond the frightful brink
Like mist, into the chasm sink;
Within whose bosom, as they fell
Arose so hideous, wild a yell
As if the very earth had riven,
And shrieks from hell were upward driven.

OUR LIBERTY ITS OWN DANGER.

The very greatness of our liberty is its most terrific attribute, in the presence of organized licentiousness and demoralization.

In a despotic government, force may protect us, where public sentiment is too corrupt to secure the execution of the laws. But in a republic it is not so. There, when public sentiment falters, the laws have no power; and then, first anarchy, and next despotism ensues. The genius of our government, and the competitions of party have introduced universal suffrage. The door is wide open to all who are born, and to all who immigrate, and cannot be shut. We must live by universal suffrage, or perish. If we can imbue with knowledge and virtue the mass, we shall live; but if irreligion and profligacy predominate, sure as the march of time we fail. Such mobs among us, as in England they play with as the lion would play with the kid, would destroy us. Force enough to quell them, would, in the hand of an ambitious demagogue, be force enough to enslave us. Ours must be a self-government or despotism. Such a nation as this must be greatly free, or crushed by the most rigorous despotism that ever extorted groans from suffering humanity. Do any exult in our safety, and bid defiance to disaster, because we are now so free, and so powerful? The inconstant ocean might as well exult in her momentary tranquillity, because her waves are above control; when it is the very circumstance of their freedom and indomitable power which gives to the atmosphere such power upon the fluid mass.

Twice, in France, the physical power has gained the ascendancy over law; and by the last victory, the discovery has been made, that to patriots, cities are fortresses, and pavements munitions. This is one of the most glorious and dreadful discoveries of modern days—glorious in its ultimate results, in the emancipation of the world, but dreadful in those intervening revolutions which power may achieve in the conquest of liberty, without corresponding intelligence and virtue for its permanent preservation.

The conquest of liberty is not difficult—the question is, where to put it—with whom to entrust it. If to the multitude who achieved it, it be committed, it will perish by anarchy. If national guards are employed for its defence, the bayonets which protect it are at any moment able to destroy it for a military despotism. If to a republican king it be entrusted, it will have to be regulated by state policy, and fed on bread and water, until the action of her heart, and the movement of her tongue, and the power of her arm, as under the deadly incubus, shall cease. *There is not in this wide world, a safe deposit for liberty, but in the hearts of patriots, so enlightened, as to be able to judge of correct legislation, and so patient and disinterested, as to practice self-denial, and self-government, for the public good.*

But can such a state of society be found and maintained without the Bible, and the institutions of Christianity? Did a condition of unperverted liberty, unimpeded by Christianity, ever bless the world through any considerable period of duration? The power of a favoring climate, and the force of genius, did thrust up from the dead level of monotonous despotism, the republics of Greece to a temporary liberty; but it was a poison model only, compared with such a nation as this; and it was partial and capricious, and of short duration, and rendered illustrious rather by the darkness which preceded and followed, than by the benign influences of its own beams.

Certainly it is Christianity which, in this country, rocked the cradle of our liberties, defended our youth, and brought us up to manhood. And it has been proved that under her auspices three millions and twelve millions of people may be protected and governed. But that twenty, fifty, or a hundred millions can, without a vast augmentation of her moral power over mind, has not been proved—while all past analogies, and all present circumstances of our nation announce that Christianity is our best hope, and that without it our destruction does not slumber.

During all past ages, the vast majority of the human family, unblest by revelation, have been idolaters and slaves; and at the present time, all nations upon whom the sun of righteousness has not arisen, are in deep darkness, and are crushed by a grievous despotism. Daylight is not more uniformly found in the track of the sun, than civil liberty is found in the track of Christianity, and despotism in its absence.

The problem then to be settled by this young but mighty nation, is this—can a sufficient intellectual illumination be combined with a sufficient power of moral purity, to create and perpetuate a predominant and efficacious public sentiment in favor of a correct morality, and efficient law for the protection of virtue, and the punishment of crime? If this can be achieved, the nation will be the safe depository of liberty for ever. The heart of this mighty people will be its abiding sanctuary, and the arm of this nation, uncorrupt and undebased, will, under God, be its everlasting protection; and we shall be the greatest, happiest nation that ever lived. Violence shall not be heard in our land, nor wasting and destruction within our borders. Our walls will be salvation, and our gates will be praise. Our sun will not go down, nor our moon wane. The Lord will be our unsetting sun, and our God will be our glory.—*Dr. Beecher.*

SPECIMENS OF A DICTIONARY.

FACILITY—The grace of Genius, but more frequently the fault of mediocrity—there are men who do much, rapidly, and ill.

CAPACITY—A Quality almost null in society, for it is not asked whether a man be fit for a place, but whether the place be fit for the man.

LARDER—The substitute for a Library with those who have entirely lost the habit of thinking, and retain only that of eating.

TIME—The stuff of which Life is made; come, by the prodigal use they make of it, mistake it for Eternity.

ETERNITY—A mysterious, an incomprehensible Duration—an inexhaustible existence, which the longest revolution of time can never shorten.

CAUTIOUS MAN—One with more cunning than sense, rarely worthy of confidence or capable of Friendship.

PAWNBROKER—A man of Iron, who coolly calculates the profits to be extracted from the miseries of want, and the products of necessity—who with the Joy of a Vulture seizes the last Rag that drops from the wasted form of Indigence.

BUT—An adversative particle, very consoling to the Self Love of one who is forced to eulogise another.

AUSTERITY—The ostentation of Virtue—an Imposture of Vice—an artifice of Pride—a cloak of Ambition.

DENTIST—One who pulls out the Teeth of others, to find employment for his own.

COQUET—A wine which every one wishes to taste, but no one to make it his ordinary beverage.

NOTHING—Very difficult to define—it is immeasurable, indivisible, indefinite—it is the beginning, the progress, and the conclusion of all our vanities—it is in every thing—it is, nothing.

PANEGYRIC—A speech in praise of some great man, informing him of virtues which he had not the slightest suspicion that he possessed.

CITIZEN—A man of good morals—a Friend to order, respecting useful prejudices, observing Decency—practising the social Virtues—and sometimes renouncing his own Interest, to promote that of the public—a man long sought for, but whom there is no hope of finding.

FINANCE—The sublimity of this science consists in making those pay the Taxes who have nothing.

HONEST FELLOWS—Those who hold precisely the same political opinions—you may be a bad son,—a bad husband—a bad father—you may have injured, calumniated and persecuted your benefactor, yet you will not figure the less in the list of honest fellows with such, or such a one, in place or out of place, while you share his political feelings and antipathies.

AMBASSADOR—A distinguished Personage sent by one Government to another, for the laudable purpose of acting as a spy.

APOTHECARY—A man who mixes up Drugs of which he knows nothing, to administer them to bodies of which he knows less.

PHYSICIAN—A man paid to form conjectures in the chamber of a sick man, until he is either cured by nature, or killed by remedies.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"The shoemaker then, he hammers and swears,
And tools all the time to pay off his old debts.—
You shall have it next week if my existence is spared,
But when the time comes he is never prepared."—
Old Song.

The shoemaker is a most singular mortal, though a very different one from that described in the song above quoted. He is represented there as being a shiftless fellow—forever in debt—no means to pay—no prospect of anything—promising with the utmost confidence, and always falsifying the promise at maturity. At the time our text was written, it is probable, however, that it contained "more truth than poetry." The shoemaker *then*, was a cobbler—a quiet, easy, lazy, greasy sort of chap, who had no money, and wanted none,—who had no ambition, and but little self-respect. He mended old boots and old shoes,—never paid his debts, and was the wag of the village. He could tell more stories, sing more comic songs, and make more fun than any other two men in the place. He could make more friends, and abuse them more,—could tell more lies and be believed—could live happier and die poorer than any other person known in the region of his habitation. Nobody thought anything of a shoemaker, nobody would acknowledge him to be a person of the least importance in society, and yet, all were his friends, and all liked him. But a shoemaker now is quite another thing, as the neat cottages of many villages in Massachusetts bear good testimony. The trade is no longer disgraceful, and the craft is no longer poor. The shoemaker is now a man—a man that respects himself, and thinks for himself, and acts for himself. There is perhaps no trade which affords so much time for thought, as this, and consequently there is no class of workmen so intelligent as shoemakers. Shoemaking is now a social-trade. Many works in a shop together, and fun and frolic, joke and repartee, are the order of the day. The shoemaker while at work, thinks and talks, and sings, and whistles; he discusses theology and politics and philosophy; he plans vast schemes for future action, and determines that one day he will arrive at some distinction, provided the world goes right, and if it goes wrong, he knows it is useless to complain, and resigns himself to fate, without a murmur.—*Dedham American.*

THE BRIGHT POKER.

"The widow Muggeridge, in her best room, had two pokers. The one was black and somewhat bent, the other shone like a ray of summer light—it was effulgent, speckless steel.

"Both pokers stood at the same fire-place.

"What!" you ask, "and did the widow Muggeridge stir her fire with both?" Certainly not. Was a coal to be cracked—the black poker cracked it; was the lower bar to be cleared—the black poker cleared it; did she want a rousing fire—the black poker was plunged relentlessly into the burning mass, to stir up the sleeping heart of Vulcan; was a tea-kettle to be accommodated to the coals—the black poker supported it. "And what," methinks you ask, "did the bright poker?" I answered nothing—nothing save to stand and glisten at the fire-side,—its black, begrimed companion, stoking, raking, burning, banging, doing all the sweating work. As for the bright poker, that was a consecrated thing. Never did Mrs. Muggeridge go to Hackney for a week to visit her relations, that the bright poker was not removed from the grate; and, carefully swathed in oiled flannel, awaited in greasy repose the return of its mistress. Then, once more in glistening idleness, would it lounge among shovel and tongs; the jetty slave, the black poker, working until it was worked to the stump; at last to be flung aside for vile old iron! One dozen black pokers did the bright poker see out; and to this day—doing nothing—it stands lustrous and inactive!

"My son, such is life. When you enter the world make up all your energies to become—A Bright Poker."—*Punch's Letters.*

SERVIAN JEALOUSY.

When the fact of her husband's infidelity was communicated to the Princess Milosch, he was absent at Belgrade, inspecting the palace which he was causing to be constructed there for his future residence, but was expected to return in the course of the day; had he been present, however, she would not have descended to reproach or expostulation; her feelings were made of sterner stuff; she neither wept or fainted, but silently prepared herself for the tiger's spring. She stationed herself at a casement, apparently watching for the prince's return, but with her eyes fixed upon the fatal house opposite, which contained her rivals. It would appear that its inmates, like herself, were on the lookout for the absent one; for more than once female faces were seen to peer through the half-closed lattices, and then retire. At last one, more impatient than the rest, approached, threw the window wide open, and leaned out. She was a beautiful girl, in the bloom of life, gorgeously dressed in the fashion of Stamboul, and with a form and countenance that fully entitled her to the figurative Turkish encomiums, of moon-faced and cypress-waisted. At sight of her the Princess hastily seized a Turkish rifle, which she had placed near her for the deadly purpose, took aim at her victim, and fired with such unerring precision, that the ball, entering the forehead of the unfortunate girl, pierced her brain, and caused her to fall dead without uttering a cry

THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

This useful body met last week, when Professor Sillyphelow read a very interesting paper on the "Moral and Physical Condition of Quashee Cole," in the appendix to which there were some curious tables. It would appear from these that 90 male and 1-8 out of 104 and 2-16ths, pronounce the word "city" as if it were spelled "cy," without an "i," which would seem to say that they are of Welsh extraction, and have probably obtained the name of cad by descent from the Cad-walladers. The society has also prepared some curious statistical records from a recent survey. In a parish containing 1500 houses, there are no less than 700 children in arms, giving the enormous average of nearly half a baby to each house; and in calculating the number of street door-bells, a still larger result is arrived at. Of 743 knockers, there are 600 out of the reach of a child, 90 want fresh painting, 32 are in tolerable repair, and the remaining one has been wrenched off since the society's last survey. Out of 7 families occupying 9 rooms, 4 had paid their rent, 2 had some idea of doing so, and the remaining 1 had made a point of always running away with the goods, in anticipation of any harsh treatment on the part of the landlord. Among 14,000 children, 11,000 could sing Jim Crow, 2,986 could whistle it, while the remaining 14 had heard it, and knew it when played, but could not execute a note of it. There were 234 blankets to 116 beds; and giving an average of 3 persons to each mattress, there would be 19-16ths of a pillow to every father of a family of 10 children, leaving the mother the pillow case. In 16 attics, 24 people are employed in washing, 8 were occupied in ironing, 3 had gone out to pawn trifling articles, and 1 was frying sausages. The more curious deductions have been made from the spread of Art Unions; for it would seem, that 763 rooms are ornamented with pictures, 640 of them containing portraits of popular performers, 19 of which were decorated with tinfoil, and 17 were entirely plain. In a collection of 300 spelling-books, it was found that 3-4ths of them were Mavor's, the 1-16th were Dilworth's, and the remainder miscellaneous. 1 leaf in 3 was dog's-eared, 3 in 8 were soiled, 90-15ths in 336-334ths were torn, and 100-100ths were without any covers. Out of 19 adults, who had all taken degrees at Oxford, four were clergymen of the established church, six were at the bar, three were gentlemen of independent property, and the remaining one was lying drunk at the station house. In a series of 26 milk jugs, one had no handle, fourteen were without spouts, nine had been riveted, while two were perfect. Of 20 pieces of orange peeling, in one street, seventeen were from three oranges purchased at the stall at the corner, two were left there by persons casually passing, and the remaining one, the Society, after several hours tedious investigation, found no means of accounting for.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

The following is the concluding paragraph of a speech of Z. Collins Lee, before the American Colonization Society, in which he gives a history of that national ballad "The Star Spangled Banner," and pronounces a brief but beautiful eulogy upon its author, the late F. S. Key, who was a member of the Society:

It was during the late memorable war, when a British fleet had penetrated to the very Capital of our country, and while approaching the out works and fort which guard a sister city, that young Key, then detained on board an English ship of war, beheld, as the twilight closed upon the invading forces, the flag of his country waving above the fortress of attack, and when the night set in, was taunted by the threat and boast of the invaders, that ere morning that flag would be struck to the prowess of its enemies. Amid the smoke and storm of the battle, and the darkness of the night, he watched with throbbing heart and anxious eyes the first approach of light, his fears and hopes alike agitating and oppressing him. The dawn broke at last, and, through the smoke and clouds, he caught the first glance of that yet unconquered ensign still there, waving over the free and brave—its bright folds unbroken by the storm of battle, and its inextinguishable stars yet shining undimmed. It was at this moment of rapture that the patriot's overflowing heart gave utterance to its gushing joy in a song which has become the brightest gem of our literature, and the watch-word of victory. If nothing else remained to rescue his memory from oblivion, this alone shall preserve it in every land and over every sea, wherever American arts and American arms shall carry light and liberty and civilization.

The Olio.

A FEROCIOUS DOG MESMERISED.—The *Mesmerisers* in Ireland appear to go ahead of our American professors of "*the science*." At a late meeting of mesmeric authorities (as reported in the London Medical Times) it was stated by Dr. Elliotson, the president, that "the Duke of Marlborough had informed him, in a letter from Ireland, that, whilst at the Marquis of Ely's seat in that country, and strolling out in the morning, he came upon a ferocious dog, chained in a farm yard. His Grace durst not approach this brute, but, standing at a respectful distance, mesmerised him; and, going up, actually embraced the sleeping brute. The dog remained in the sleep for thirty minutes."

READY FOR ANYTHING.—A tremendously large Irishman, recently "come over," advertises for almost any kind of a situation in one of the Northern papers. He says that he is willing to handle hogsheads of *sugar*, tend upon an *elephant* in a menagerie, engage in hauling up anchors without the help of a windlass, and would have no particular objection to go round exhibiting himself as a *Kentucky giant*!

WESTERN INGENUITY.—A lady, having invited a gentleman to dinner, sent her man-servant to inquire into the reason of his absence after the hour had arrived. The servant walked right into the gentleman's room, and found him cleansing his teeth, upon which, without delivering his message, he returned home, announcing that the gentleman would come immediately, and was already *whetting his teeth!*

NOSES.—The last number of the Vermont Asylum (insane) Journal, contains some humorous remarks on noses. The mad writer says, "that noses have been placed by Providence, directly over the mouth, to pass judgment on the food, a sort of sanitary sentinel—a kind of quarantine officer, to prevent the entrance into port of all things that are unsafe or unfitting." Very true.

HOW TO BEAT A WIFE.—The editor of the Talladega (Ala.) Southerner has found out a way to beat his wife in the kindest and most considerate manner. He has her mesmerised, and then *flogs the operator* like vengeance! As feeling, taste, &c., are transferred, she catches a licking, and the world won't call the husband a brute.

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.—The editor of the Northern Standard, a Texan paper, says that if his subscribers have no money to pay their subscriptions, he is willing to take pork, cows, calves, honey or beeswax. After this those in arrears should certainly walk up to the editor's office *and* settle.

A MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—The Portland Bulletin asks: "If a ball flies at the rate of four hundred and forty-eight miles a minute, when first discharged from the mouth of a cannon, how fast, will a middling sized dog run with a tin kettle, weighing one pound ten ounces, tied to his tail?"

FEMALE MAGNETISM.—"There is to me," says Byron, "something very softening in the presence of a woman, some strange influence even if one is not in love with them. I always feel in better humor with myself and every thing else if there is a woman within ken."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—Among the moral maxims pasted up in a country school in England, is the following:

"It is a sin to steal a pin;
It is a greater to steal a tater."

GENIUSES make bad husbands and bad wives, and when two geniuses come together in marriage, it is like the meeting of two electric clouds which discharge their thunder and lightning at each other. No genius should ever get married.

HIGH AND DRY.—A loafer was found napping on the curbstone of the Park sidewalk. A watchman coming along said to him, "You are high, you rascal!" "Yes," hiccoughed the fellow, "I am *high*, and *dry* too."

EXCRUCIATING.—Some genius advertises for board in a Northern paper, for himself and wife, and wishes to procure it in a family where he can pay in *pulling teeth!*

DISTRESS.—"These are hard times, indeed," as the man said when he was turned out of jail because his creditors could not pay his jail fees. That will do.

THE RETORT QUIET.—"I tell you what it is, Mrs. Nichols, I don't come here to be darned!" "Then go *home* and be darned," quietly replied Mrs. Nichols.

HE THAT would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others.

EITHER say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend.

BE SLOW to give advice—ready to do any service.

FEW MEN take his advice who talks a good deal.

Juvenile Department

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 2, 9, 3, was an Emperor of Germany.
My 14, 12, 3, 3, was a Grecian Philosopher.
My 3, 18, 12, 14, 19, was a King of France.
My 3, 10, 18, 19, was a Pope of Rome.
My 1, 9, 10, 15, 10, 6, was a King of Macedon.
My 13, 5, 19, 2, 18, 14, 11, was a celebrated French authoress.
My 11, 3, 13, 16, a celebrated Battle.
My 2, 19, 10, 18, 3, an Italian Poet.
My 13, 10, 13, 3, was Queen of Carthage.
My 11, 3, 18, 10, 19, was King of France.
My 15, 8, 3, a distinguished Pope.
My 6, 10, 9, 12, is a city of Italy.
My 16, 9, 10, 12, 16, 12, 10, a celebrated Sectary.
My 6, 10, 16, 3, was renowned for his strength.
My 8, 7, 2, 17, 10, 12, a priestess of Apollo.
My whole was a celebrated King of Egypt.

THE LADY'S WORLD
OF
FASHION AND LITERATURE.
THE CHEAPEST AND
Most Elegant Magazine in the Union.

EDITED BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

This elegant and popular LADY'S MAGAZINE commenced a new volume in a style of rare magnificence with the January issue, A NUMBER CONTAINING

Four Splendid Engravings

of the most costly and EXPENSIVE CHARACTER. The publisher has experienced, during the past year, the most unqualified success, and enters upon the New Year with a determination to OUTSTRIP ALL CONTEMPORARIES.

The embellishments of the new volume are of the most splendid and costly character, combining every variety of style, and executed by the first artists the country can produce. The work has been

THE LADIES' FAVORITE,

and this reputation it will continue to maintain. Hence, the character of its literature will continue to be such as to commend it especially to the sex. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day, on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence, most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers. The literary matter will not be the reflex of any ONE FEMALE MIND, but will contain the choicest productions of

A Galaxy of Female Writers.

The effort shall still be to render the work an indispensable requisite to the BOUDOIR of every lady of taste in the land; and, therefore, not its literary matter alone shall be compiled for their taste, but it will contain

MONTHLY FASHIONS, ELEGANTLY COLORED,

which for excellence of drawing, correctness in every particular, and extreme beauty of the coloring and engraving shall far excel any thing from other quarters. The fact that during the last year the "Lady's World" has been the "guide-book" in matters of taste on costume in every city of the Union, has given it a position in the fashionable world, which cannot be shaken. The unwavering fidelity of its DESIGNS to the Parisian and London styles, IN ADVANCE, TOO, AT LEAST SIX WEEKS OF ALL OTHERS, has placed it in the very first rank, as A WORK OF AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF DRESS. It is a well known fact, that the styles of the "Lady's World" appear in other periodicals, pretending to give the fashions, often four months later, when the styles have become common or obsolete.

Lace and Needle Work.

The most elegant and the newest designs of lace-work, embroidery, &c., shall be given in the work, with the latest style of caps, curtains, head-dresses, &c., rendering the "Lady's World" a sample of usefulness as well as of taste, on the CENTRE TABLE OF EVERY LADY. Among the embellishments for the forthcoming volume will be COLORED BIRDS AND FLOWERS, from the celebrated work of Audubon. These specimens are copy-righted, and can be had no where else except in this costly work. The "Lady's World" will also give

Sartain's Unrivalled Mezzotints,

which will grace the coming volume, and excel, in the beauty of design and delicacy of finish, any thing that has heretofore appeared from his burin. Mr. Sartain is known from one end of the Union to the other, as the MASTER in this country of this celebrated style.

Line and Stipple Engravings

will also grace the pages of the work, from the hands of the very best artists the country can produce. In fine, every variety and novelty of embellishments that may be found elsewhere, may be confidently looked for in the "Lady's World." But the main design of the work is, to furnish, in elegant and attractive style, the earliest most correct, and fullest report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions

Direct from Paris and London.

This department will be under the control of French and English ARTISTS of the highest celebrity, so that every costume which appears in the "Lady's World" may be safely relied on as not having been TRUMPED UP at second hand in this country, after they have been received. It is proposed not only to surpass in the excellence, but to issue every month, a NUMBER AND VARIETY OF COSTUMES, which shall put to the blush all other attempts at reporting for the fashionable world.

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The "LADY'S WORLD" will be issued from the 15th to the 20th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships, which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions, before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

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JOHN P. TOWNSEND,
NATHANIEL RICHARDSON,
JOSHUA GILBERT.
Byberry 2d mo. 1843. feb 10-4t*

CHEAP TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT.—The subscriber has removed to No. 126 North Fourth street between Race and Vine, where he wishes to call the attention of his old customers and the public in general, (in the city and country,) to his new establishment, where he intends to make and trim work, or furnish the goods on more reasonable terms for cash than can be done elsewhere, and guarantees to every customer the worth of his money. Call and judge for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere. C. S. HIMMELWRIGHT,
feb 4 3m* Draper and Tailor.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!

DEAFNESS CURED—SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—For the cure of DEAFNESS, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character must be read with pleasure:

New York, Nov 16, 1843.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine; but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former existence seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subjected to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in print, but to the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it.

Your obliged friend, L. W. CHELMSFORD.
Mr. B. Barton Gumpert, Phila. 224 Washington street.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One or two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of B. Bell on the wrapper. [illegible]

Prepared by B. Bell, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and B. B. Gumpert, No. 769 North Second street, Philadelphia, also by most of the druggists in the city. PRICE $1 a bottle, or $10 a dozen.

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FOR THE SALE OF
INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,
DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut streets, Philada. and at 263 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior PLATE, PIVOT, SINGLE, [illegible] INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, [illegible] together with almost every description of DENTAL INSTRUMENTS now in use, comprising [illegible] GOLD AND SILVER PLATE AND WIRE. [illegible]

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order. dec 31-6m

P. S. DENTAL CASES carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.*

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.

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100,000 COPIES,

And they can now afford to publish a cheaper paper for its quality and size than any other establishment. It is worthy of remark that the Saturday Evening Post was started on the 4th of August, 1821, and has since been opposed by *all sorts of new experiments, in price and quality*, and yet its publishers have never failed to meet a contract, and *have buried scores of noisy rivals, who have promised MUCH and performed LITTLE*, and have eventually died, and been handsomely interred by the "*Old Post*;" which has fathered their contracts and supplied the paper to the end of the subscription. Persons who wish to subscribe, therefore, will do so with less hesitation, when we state that we now enter on the TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME, and with the superior facilities now possessed by the proprietors, they can afford to publish a larger, handsomer, and better paper for the money than can be had elsewhere.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in contemporary sheets. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being, to make a

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A portion of its columns will be devoted during the Lecture Season to SCIENTIFIC LECTURES, correctly reported at length—a feature possessed by no other weekly paper. In its columns all the valuable Lectures of Professor Lyell on Geology, in this city, and the still more interesting ones of the justly celebrated Dr. Lardner, on various Scientific subjects have appeared. The great size of the paper also enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

THE FARMERS.

It is intended to make the paper one of great interest to the Farmer, by giving the reports of the different agricultural associations; the new inventions; late experiments in tilling, and able papers from every source entitled to confidence; so that the agricultural portion of the community will find in its columns, without encroaching upon other matter, all that is desirable to know, without the expense of a separate journal.

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As a weekly newspaper it is believed that the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST" is not equalled by any weekly literary paper now existing. It contains a full and well digested account of every matter of news up to the hour of printing. This is a great desideratum to those who take only a single weekly paper, and which means less extensive than those connected with the establishment cannot accomplish. The number of persons employed, and the steam-power engaged in the publication of this paper, altogether surpass that of any other of a similar character.

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Corner of Third and Chesnut street.
W. B. Tailors Shears, Crayons, Tape Measures, Crotel do. Eylet Punches, etc. jan 14

DR. H. H. HIGHEE'S REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES.

The lamented death of the late H. H. Highee, M. D., has imposed upon those who represent the interest of his family, the duty of presenting to the public his valuable preparation in medicine. It is well known that Dr. Highee adopted this formula while suffering under a severe attack of disease, which in his own opinion and that of his medical friends, was confirmed CONSUMPTION. His prescription was completely efficacious in his own case, for although both before and after the attack just mentioned his constitution was delicate, he had no return of the pulmonary disease. In his practice, he found his remedy most salutary and efficient, always affording more or less relief, and in many cases which he would otherwise have deemed beyond the reach of medicine, accomplishing a permanent cure. Yet he never intended to offer his preparation to the world as an infallible or a universal remedy, never as a specific, never as a panacea, but simply as the best prescription he knew of for a disease hitherto regarded as incurable.

As he in his lifetime conscientiously hesitated to give it to the afflicted, so is it now presented. In many cases, of course nothing more than temporary relief can be expected, while in very many, the faithful use of it according to the instructions of Dr. Highee will effect a cure.

The following extracts from letters of two gentlemen of high professional standing, may serve to show the light in which the preparation of Dr. Highee is viewed by candid and intelligent members of the faculty.

[Extract of a Letter, etc.]

TRENTON, N. J. January 20, 1843.

"Dr. Coleman to Dr. Burrough:

"Dear Sir—An intimate acquaintance with Dr. H. H. Highee while he was practising medicine in the same neighborhood with myself, has given me a good opportunity of speaking of his merits as a physician, and of the estimation in which he was held as a citizen. It was my opinion at that time that he was a better reasoner in his profession, and had more regard for the principles of medicine than the generality of physicians. His practice was extensive, and his skill never questioned by the intelligent. His gentlemanly and amiable deportment gained him many friends, and his removal from the neighborhood was much regretted. I was called to Dr. Highee when he was suffering from a severe attack of Hæmoptysis. His lungs were carefully examined, and judging from his past consumptive appearance and his condition at the time of my visits, I thought he could not recover. He, however, gradually gained health, and resumed his practice. His recovery was at that time mainly attributed to the medicine he has since offered for sale. He showed me the prescription, etc. etc. I afterwards used the same prescription in cases where it was indicated, and was always satisfied with the effects—[illegible]
"Very respectfully, JAMES B. COLEMAN.
"To M. BURROUGH, M. D."

[Extract from Dr. Burrough's Letter in reply to the above.]

CAMDEN, N. J. February 1, 1843.

"Dear Sir,—Referring to that portion of your letter of the 20th ult. in which you speak of Dr. H. H. Highee and of the character of his medicine—recommended in the treatment of pulmonary diseases—I fully appreciate his worth, and concur with you in the opinions expressed of his very valuable preparation. I have known the Dr. from his youth, and have long been acquainted with his confidence of the [illegible] and as it was in the spirit of that friendship that about eighteen months ago he informed me of his (unsolicited) the Composition of his Pulmonary Remedy, so extensively used throughout our country.

Since then opportunities have presented of testing the efficacy of this medicine in several well marked cases of disease, and when exhibited as recommended by its author, it has seldom failed to give permanent relief. My experience and observation, therefore, in the use of the preparation of Dr. Highee, enables me to regard the formula of great value in the treatment of pulmonary complaints, and worthy of public confidence.

M. BURROUGH.

To JAMES B. COLEMAN, M. D., Trenton, N. J.

This medicine will continue to be prepared according to the original prescription, which is now in the hands of the widow of Dr. Highee. It will be put up and labelled as heretofore, each label bearing the signature of "R. Highee," and will be accompanied by the printed instructions of Dr. Highee, not yet in brief to guide the patient only had the advice of a physician desirable, Dr. Burrough very kindly allows himself to be consulted where personal application is made to him (not by letter) at his office, No. 120 North 8th street.

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